The Outlook

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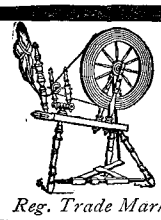

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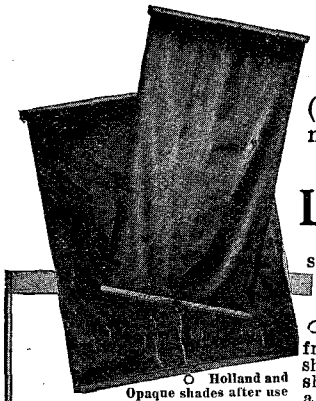

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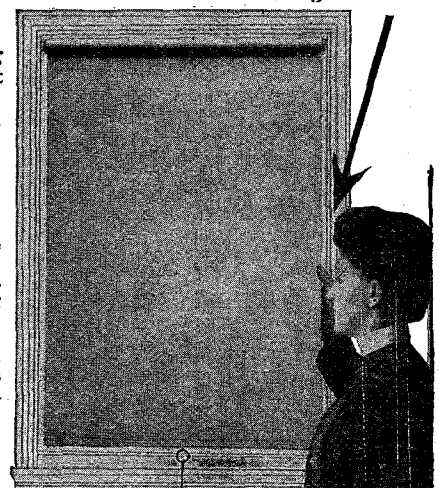

A Brenlin Shade after use

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"Billups' Booze Bill"

As is well known, Oklahoma was admitted under an enabling act which required the new State to make the sale of liquor in what was formerly Indian Territory unconstitutional. As a matter of fact, when the Constitution was submitted, the people voted to extend Constitutional prohibition to the whole State. This was one of the issues on which the present Governor, Mr. C. N. Haskell, won his election. The Constitution, moreover, in accordance with the enabling act, permitted the Legislature to establish a dispensary system for the sale of liquors for medicinal purposes and alcohol for industrial and scientific purposes. The bill which was enacted in accordance with this permissive probation was introduced by Mr. R. A. Billups and was finally signed by the Governor. There are people in Oklahoma who believe that it has practically nullified Constitutional prohibition; and in derision they have dubbed it "Billups' Booze Bill." It provides for a State Agency in charge of a Superintendent, at a salary of eighteen hundred dollars. He is appointed by the Governor and responsible to him. He employs assistants, purchases liquor, fixes the standard of quality for liquors, affixes labels, and distributes liquors to the local agencies. These local agencies are established one for every town of two thousand inhabitants, and, when established by the Superintendent and approved by the Governor, one for any town of one thousand population. These local agencies are to be in charge of persons appointed by the Governor. They are required to keep a very strict account of all liquor sold, and every sale has to be accompanied by a physician's prescription. Speaking in the city of Guthrie, Governor Haskell described the process in these words:

> An ordinary single section book-case will hold all there is in town. Every package will have the seal of the State on it. Every package will be numbered, and every Monday morning the first thing the local agent has to do will be to make out a report like this, beginning:
>
> On hand last Monday, packages Nos. 24-50 inclusive.
>
> On hand at time of making this report, packages Nos. 38-50, inclusive.
>
> Then he starts out a new line to account for the fourteen packages sold that week, giving the proper date of each sale from last Monday morning; say, like this:
>
> April 1, 1908.
>
> Package No. 24 sold to John Smith at 2 P.M., on prescription of Dr. Duke; prescription attached, together with the receipt of the man who got it, also an affidavit.
>
> And each sale will follow right down like that, counting each and every package, and accounting for each package that he has not on hand. . . .

The strictest limitations are placed about the purchase and even the use of liquor. The evasion of the law by clubs is guarded against. Heavy penalties are attached to the violation of the law. Any compounds, whether medical or not, "which contain as much as one-half of one per centum of alcohol" (except pharmacists' preparations not subject to United States tax) come within the interdicted category of liquors. The law goes into elaborate details.

❀

The Attack and Defense

In spite of the rigor of the law, some people in the State denounce it bitterly as a betrayal of the people's will. They declare that the State has gone into the liquor business; that its Legislature has deliberately saddled the State with the obloquy of hiring bartenders to dispense intoxicants, and has inaugurated a shocking change of policy. They especially single out for condemnation the provision of the bill which apportions the emoluments to the local agents in proportion to the amount of their sales. They also condemn what they call the attempt to commandeer the medical profession as a partner in a bizarre

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enterprise, by calling for a physician's certificate whenever a thirsty man wants half a gallon of whisky or three gallons of beer. They note with satisfaction that a number of county medical associations have adopted resolutions against the signing of certificates; and they taunt the Legislature and the Governor with the fact that the manufacturers of a certain brand of whisky accepted by the dispensary officials are advertising their goods in surrounding States as the official whisky of Oklahoma. On the other hand, the Prohibition party in convention assembled has indorsed the Billups Law and has assured the State Executive of its support in the enforcement of the law. Moreover, Governor Haskell has openly and vigorously defended the law. Indeed, his utterances on behalf of the law are too aggressive to be called a defense. He speaks of it triumphantly as a measure effectually embodying the will of the people. He says that it was an indisputable fact that the people of the State wished the law to permit alcohol to be used as medicine. If the law had forbidden such use of alcohol, he declares, it would have made men perjurers and lawbreakers. "If you want to cuss anybody," he said to the State Convention Prohibitionists, "start right here, because no member of the Legislature is any more to blame than I." He declared before the same gathering that, so far from the agents being bartenders, the best people in the community would be found in charge of the local agencies. He continued:

> You may even go into the preacher's home and find the sealed cases and packages there. Now don't you ministers get scared and say that you would not even handle the wicked stuff; you just realize that that is probably the best place and the best way you can enforce prohibition, because if you don't think it should be sold, you are not likely to connive at its illegal sale. This is probably one of the best things you could do, to see that it is treated as a medicine.
>
> A man came to me the other day from Pittsburg County and said: "The State will lose eighteen thousand dollars a year in this business; the doctors in our town have read the law and have united in an agreement that they will not prescribe whisky." I said, "Much obliged to the doctors—that will do just that much to shut off the whisky traffic. If the doctor can cure you without whisky, so much the better." He said the State would lose eighteen thousand dollars a year in the business. I said I had figured it out twenty-five thousand. He said, "Are you deliberately planning to lose the State twenty-five thousand dollars?" I said, "Yes, at this end of the line if necessary. But we are going to save that much in the board bill of our fellows that would have to go to the penitentiary, and save the expense of keeping the widows and orphans of this State, and, bless the Lord, if we don't save it all, it would be a satisfaction to see the men, after the sun goes down, enjoy the society of their wives and children at home instead of going to the saloons."
>
> It is simply this: This law has got to be practicable, and then it has to have force behind it. You never saw a law that would enforce itself. You have got to have somebody to enforce it.

With such difference of opinion existing in the State, any surmise as to the practicability of the law would be venturesome. It is hard not to believe, however, that a vigorous and genuine attempt to enforce the law will be made. In spite of the experience of South Carolina, which found the State Dispensary a nest of graft, Oklahoma may contribute to temperance legislation something worth while in this experiment of supplementing Constitutional prohibition with what might be called an alcoholic medical dispensary.

❀

Smith vs. Brown

On Thursday of last week Joseph M. Brown was chosen Governor of Georgia over the present Governor, Hoke Smith. That is substantially true; as true as when we say that a President is elected on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November. Technically, the vote was at the Democratic primary; the election will take place later. The issues on which the election (that is, the primary) was fought were those which have swayed all the South lately: liquor and corporations. The supporters of Mr. Smith have charged the forces behind "Little Joe" Brown as being the cohorts of the whisky interests and the slaves of the railways. The supporters of Mr. Brown have of course denied that they represent any liquor interests, that, indeed, the liquor question was an issue in the campaign at all, and assert that on the railway and corporation question what they demand is justice to property

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interests and proper inducements to capital. The campaign has been bitter. It is not possible to take seriously the charges of either side. Mr. Brown was a member of the State Railroad Commission; but when Mr. Smith became Governor, he removed Mr. Brown as being a partisan of the railways. Governor Smith's administration has been a part of that movement (dramatically exhibited in North Carolina and Alabama) of revolt against the power of the railways and at the same time of opposition to Federal regulation. It has been a movement of repression rather than regulation. Whether the administration of his successful rival will weaken the enforcement of the State prohibitory law and will impede Federal regulation as well as State repression of the railways remains to be seen. It is evident, however, that Mr. Brown's election indicates a natural and not unjustifiable reaction. We hope that it will prove to be a reaction against extreme measures of State interference with inter-State commerce and as truly an accession of force to real regulation, which must be Federal.

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A Singular Political Situation

Oregon is facing the probability that a Republican Legislature will be compelled to elect a Democratic United States Senator under the simple compulsion of the popular demand, as shown by the vote. The election just held was one of the most remarkable and extraordinary political events of recent years. The State went Republican overwhelmingly on every issue except that of United States Senator. There was a direct primary vote on that point, and the present Governor, a Democrat, received a plurality of the votes. Notwithstanding the fact that the Legislature is overwhelmingly Republican, Governor Chamberlain will, in all likelihood, be elected United States Senator. Rumors that the legislators may try by quibbles to avoid that responsibility are, we hope and trust, without foundation. It is stated that in the registration for this election there were twenty-five Republican names put on the rolls for every five Democrats—an indication of looseness in party ties. Over ten years ago the struggle for direct legislation began. Mr. W. S. U'Ren, a quiet, persistent man, entered the politics of the State, then in a demoralized condition, and used the factional strife to the advantage of his pet measures, the initiative and the referendum. By 1902 he and his supporters had secured the passage of their amendments by two successive legislatures and their almost unanimous adoption by the people. Two years later the Local Option Law and the Direct Primary Law were passed under the initiative. Both are producing most important results; the former has made eight counties and many precincts "dry," with the prospect of much enlarging the area in the near future; the latter has worked a revolution in the politics of the State, as it provides for the nomination of all candidates of both parties from constable to United States Senator by direct vote of the people. In the campaign of 1906 Mr. Jonathan Bourne made his fight for the Senatorship almost wholly on the basis of the now famous "Statement No. 1," a statement which, under the Direct Primary Law, candidates for the Legislature *may* sign, pledging themselves to vote for "the people's choice" for United States Senator without regard to individual preference. Mr. Bourne secured the Republican nomination at the primaries, and a majority over his Democratic opponent at the June election. At the election in 1906 eleven measures were proposed under the initiative and referendum. In spite of inadequate discussion in the newspapers, the people showed excellent discrimination in upholding reform measures and voting down objectionable ones, thus giving evidence of their intelligence and honesty of purpose. The greatest intelligence will be required by the voters to deal wisely with the many measures to be decided by direct legislation in June. The Secretary of State has recently sent to every registered voter a pamphlet of 126 pages containing nineteen measures to be voted upon, together with the arguments for and against the same. Four of these are Constitutional amendments

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referred to the people by the Legislature; four of them are legislative measures upon which the referendum has been ordered by petition of the people; the remaining eleven are laws or Constitutional amendments proposed by initiative petition of the people. Some of the latter deal with woman suffrage, the single tax, the recall of public officers, instructing members of the Legislature to vote for the people's choice for United States Senator, proportional representation, and a corrupt practices act.

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Cheap Ocean Postage

The announcement that a two-cent per ounce postal rate on letters between the United States and the United Kingdom will go into effect on October 1, 1908, caused cheering in the House of Commons on Wednesday, June 3, and much unreported rejoicing in both countries. Ocean penny postage is no new thing. It has long existed between the United States and its insular possessions. International penny postage is nothing new. It has existed since 1875 between the United States and Canada, and now also with Mexico, Cuba, and Panama. Now for the first time two great world powers agree to it as a strengthener of the ties already uniting them—an agreement prolific of others. France and Germany, for instance, are not likely long to lag behind Great Britain in such reciprocity with us. More correspondence means more acquaintance, friendship, brotherhood. Last October letter postage for all countries in the International Postal Union was reduced from ten cents to five cents an ounce; the present reduction to two cents an ounce in the rate on letters to Great Britain thus makes a cut of eighty per cent within a year. It is within living experience that the earliest transatlantic steamers advertised the transmission of letters to England at a dollar apiece. A heavy tax lay upon the correspondence of our grandfathers. Before the present writer lie some letters between New England States during the first two decades of the last century, on which the local postmasters wrote the name of the mailing office and the postage due from the addressee, as 12½ cents, or 18¾ cents. In 1816 a letter might go not over thirty miles for 6¼ cents. These curious fractions were due to the general circulation of two small Spanish coins valued severally at 6¼ and 12½ cents, the latter locally termed "York shilling," and valued at eight for a dollar. The silver half-dime now supplanted by the nickel did not come into vogue until the introduction in 1845 of the five-cent rate on half-ounce letters going not over 300 miles. In 1816 a quadruple rate was laid on letters weighing an ounce or more. This for a letter going 400 miles or more amounted to one dollar. It took more than ten years of agitation to abate the heavy taxes on correspondence. Meanwhile private expresses carried large numbers of letters between the principal cities at lower rates. After 1845 this was illegal unless the letters bore postage stamps. In 1851 the bottom rate dropped to three cents on half-ounce letters. In 1863 this was made the uniform rate for all distances. In 1883 the two-cent rate per ounce came in, and now a demand is already astir for one cent as the letter-writer's ideal. The two-cent ocean rate which now gladdens both shores of the Atlantic would doubtless have been sooner agreed to but for the different aims of the two Governments—the British aiming to make the postal service yield revenue, the American to make it pay expenses, both of which will in course of time be found compatible with the reduced tax on letters. The next step in advance in the United States will be, as it ought to be, the introduction of the Parcels Post and the Postal Savings Bank. Among the many who have promoted postal betterments during the seventy years since Rowland Hill, of England, and Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, the eminent efficiency of Henniker Heaton, M.P., together with that of our own Postmaster-General, Mr. Meyer, in securing this last great improvement deserves grateful recognition.

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The Dreyfus Infamy Again

Paris has had another touch of the Dreyfus insanity, and a revival, which it is to be hoped is sporadic, of the Dreyfus infamy. The proposal to transfer to the Panthéon the

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body of Zola, the novelist, and the servant and defender of French honor and righteousness by his courageous appeal for justice to Dreyfus, met with bitter and in some cases ridiculous opposition. One French gentleman, with a title which had been secured by a military adventurer of Napoleon's time, threatened to remove the remains of his grandfather from the Panthéon in order to protect them from contamination; and there were furious speeches and editorials, and a recrudescence of that shouting for the army which sickened the whole world when it was heard in court on the lips of dishonored French generals. The body of Zola was quietly taken to the Panthéon and public exercises were held in that great building on Thursday of last week. As the President of France, the Premier, and other Ministers were taking their departure at the close of the ceremonies, a military writer of some standing, Gregori by name, drew a revolver and fired two shots at Major Dreyfus, slightly injuring in the forearm the victim of race hate and military passion. The Panthéon was filled with men of distinction, and the reports of the shots caused intense excitement. For a moment everybody thought of the President. In an instant, however, the would-be assassin was surrounded by soldiers and protected from the fury of a crowd that probably would have made short work with him. Like everything connected with the persecution of Dreyfus, this attempted assassination was contemptible in its meanness; the first shot was fired from behind Dreyfus's back! Paris is now wondering what lies back of this attempt to end a man who had been tortured almost beyond the limits of human strength. Gregori is an Italian by parentage, but has long been an ardent Frenchman in his sympathies, has written with some knowledge on military topics, and has been in intimate relations with leading French officers. The question is whether he was merely an individual assassin, or whether he was the tool of a little group of Royalists who have never accepted the decision of the Court of Cassation and the reinstating of Major Dreyfus. The fire of race hatred, which was only smoldering, has been fed by the anti-Semitic papers ever since the Government decided to place the body of Zola in the Panthéon; and the meanness to which brilliant men can descend when race prejudice takes possession of them is brought out by Henri Rochefort's statement in an interview in which he says, "It would have been a glorious death for Dreyfus. It would have been his first and only time under fire." Gregori fired the first shot from behind Dreyfus. The bullet penetrated the sleeve of his coat and passed on, burying itself in a flower-pot at the base of the catafalque. Dreyfus turned at the sound and threw his left arm over his heart. The second shot was fired point blank at his breast. The bullet entered the wrist and moved upward. Dreyfus's brother Mathieu, who sprang forward to help him, with a chivalry to which his opponents are strangers, protected Gregori from the crowd who were beginning to pound him with canes and umbrellas, saying as he did so, "It is not for us to punish. Let the law take its course!" This extraordinary incident is in keeping with the whole tragedy, which has been one of contemptible baseness. The charges against Dreyfus fell to the ground; the men who brought them were proved to be scoundrels; the nation reversed its verdict; and yet Dreyfus receives a bullet while he is paying honor to a man whose only offense was that he heroically led France out of a slough of dishonor!

❀

The President of the French Republic

The secret of the sincere popular enthusiasm with which President Fallières was received on his recent official visit to England is revealed in a recent article in the Pall Mall Gazette, of London, which we find reprinted in the New York Evening Sun. This article, written by an Englishman, constitutes an intimate personal portrait of the French President, and discloses those genuine human qualities and that simple and straightforward spirit to which geographical boundaries, political barriers, and race prejudice are never permanent obstacles. President Fallières is the grandson of a black-

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smith, a fact which at once attracts the attention of Americans who look back with pride to the personal history of their beloved rail-splitting President. The head of the French Republic comes from the ancient town of Agen, in southern France, the fruit and vine growing region of Gascony. He is a lawyer by profession, but has for thirty-five years or more been active in the administrative work of French politics. He has been eight times in the Cabinet, and has exercised the powerful influence of a strong, upright character in the Chamber of Deputies. What his political principles are is indicated by the following passage from the article above mentioned:

> What is the secret of M. Fallières's success? I think the answer is, his unswerving loyalty to the Republic, his perfect sense of justice and fair play, his calm insistence upon a certain line of conduct which he considers right, and the spirit of conciliation which dominates all his actions. As to his Republicanism, it stands revealed by the fact that he was a Republican under the Second Empire, when to hold such views meant the reverse of advancement; he quarreled with his family on that account. As to his persistence in following out his own ideas of what is right, his public life has given frequent instances of it; he has put his foot down firmly on several occasions where conscience did not square with expediency. Then, his justice and fair-mindedness are celebrated. He is known throughout the length and breadth of Lotet-Garonne as the one politician who has not used place and power to "down" his adversaries. He has never displaced a teacher in a primary school or interfered with any State functionary because that man had the hardihood to vote against him at the elections.

Personally, he is a man of simple tastes, but with an unusual degree of artistic cultivation for a man whose life has been spent in the exacting tasks of public service. He is fond of music and pictures. Although sixty-six years old, he is of robust physical health, owing, it is said, to the fact that he habitually retires early, rises at seven o'clock, and invariably in all weathers takes a walk of four or five miles before beginning his day's work. He possesses and cultivates a famous vineyard at his country home. His greatest pleasure is found in his visits to this home, where "he wears his oldest clothes, his oldest boots and hat, wanders about the estate, takes interest in every operation, and pats his old servants affectionately on the back." It need hardly be said that he is "adored" by the peasants, farmers, and neighbors in the vicinity. Madame Fallières is a model housekeeper in a country where the women are the best housekeepers in the world, and shares her husband's belief that the fundamental prosperity and soundness of a nation is determined by its agricultural and rural population. "Innumerable are the acts of benevolence performed by M. and Mme. Fallières. Their charities are manifold and are made in the spirit of the Biblical injunction not to let the "left hand know what the right hand doeth." Those who have read Balzac's delightful story "The Country Doctor" will see some striking resemblances in these personal characteristics of President Fallières to those qualities in Dr. Benassis which enabled the country doctor to reform, build up, and fill with prosperity and happiness a French village suffering from the economic and social disorders that were at once the seed and the fruit of the French Revolution.

❀

A Brave English Soldier

It would be unfortunate if the discussion over General Buller's conduct in the Boer War, sure to spring up again now that he has passed away, should cloud or diminish the great respect due to him for his early military history. General Buller—his full title was General the Right Honorable Sir Redvers Henry Buller—was a hard fighter, a brave man, and over and over again a victorious leader. As far back as 1858 he won distinction and honors for heroism at the capture of the Taku Forts in China; ten years later, in the Red River expedition, General Wolseley praised him for his part in the five days' bush-fighting, and, though wounded and fever-stricken, he returned a Major and a member of Wolseley's staff. In South Africa, in the campaigns against the Zulus, he organized and led the Frontier Light Horse; and although then a commanding officer, repeatedly put his own life in danger and gave a personal example of courage and coolness to his men. Again, in Africa, in the first Boer war

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(1881), and in Egypt and the Sudan also, he fully met the many and diverse military problems that confronted him. At least three times he saved comrades who had been shot by taking them bodily before him on his own horse and carrying them out of fire. It is related that when the French Prince Imperial lost his life in the Zulu campaign, the officer who had left the Prince dead on the field met from General Buller a fierce questioning as to his losses and the whereabouts of his men, and when he replied, "They are behind me—I don't know now," Buller savagely exclaimed, "You deserve to be shot, and I hope you will be. I could shoot you myself," and turned his back. Apart from his military achievements and heroism, Buller was a man of great personal charm and kindness, typically British in his solidity and firmness. His mind and temperament were rather steadfast than alert, and this explains in part his failure in the Boer War. Since his death a Boer officer, in an American paper, has said, in effect, "General Buller had fought Zulus in South Africa, and he forgot that we were not Zulus. . . . He had written a military manual, and we had it, and whenever he made a certain move we looked in the manual and knew exactly what his following moves would be." Most unfortunate of all the things done by General Buller in this war was the writing of the letter advising the surrender of Ladysmith, in which he said, after expressing the belief that he could not relieve the town within a month, "You will burn your ciphers, destroy your guns, fire your ammunition, and make the best terms possible with the General of the besieging forces, after giving me time to fortify myself on the Tugela." The British Secretary of War said that if this advice had been followed the result would have been "the most calamitous reverse in English military history." On the other hand, many military experts maintain that Buller's terrible defeats at Methuen and Gatacre were due to causes not within his control. After the war, not merely a military but a social division of opinion, for and against Buller, raged throughout London. His friends were many; and he was fairly well supported in the argument until his indiscretion and violence of speech aroused so strong a feeling against him that the Government found it imperative to relieve him of his command and to put him upon half-pay. But this pitiable picture of the closing days of a gallant soldier might well be contrasted with this pen-portrait of the young leader of the Frontier Light Horse: "Leading his men at a swinging canter, with his reins in his teeth, a revolver in one hand and a knobkerrie which he had snatched from a Zulu in the other, his hat blown off, and a large streak of blood across his face, caused by a splinter of rock from above, this gallant horseman seemed a demon incarnate to the flying savages who slunk out of his path as if he had been—as they believed him to be—an evil spirit whose very look was death."

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The Competition of the Dead

Mr. Kipling, who rarely fails to put his case in a striking way, and whose comments on contemporary literary conditions often have pith and point, said some very entertaining things at the recent dinner of the Royal Literary Fund in London. Probably it has occurred to very few people that literature is one of the very few occupations in which the living have to meet not only the competition of their contemporaries, but of the dead; and that this competition is much more to be dreaded, as a rule, than the competition which men in other professions meet:

> If you go no further back than the Book of Job [laughter], you will find that letters, like the art of printing, were born perfect. [Hear! hear!] Some professions, law and medicine, for example, are still in a state of evolution, inasmuch as no expert in them seems to be quite sure that he can win a case or cure a cold. [Laughter.] On the other hand, the calling of letters carries with it the disabilities from which these professions are free.
>
> When an eminent lawyer or physician is once dead, he is always dead. [Laughter.] His ghost does not continue to practice in the law courts or the operating theater. [Laughter.] Now, it cannot have escaped your attention that a writer often does not begin to live till he has been dead for some time. In certain notorious cases the longer he has been dead the more alive he is, and the more acute is his competition against the

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living. [Laughter.] I do not ask you to imagine the feelings of a barrister exposed to the competition of all the dead Lord Chancellors that ever sat on the woolsack, each delivering judgment on any conceivable case at 6d. per judgment, paper bound. [Laughter.] I only ask you to allow that what lawyers call "the dead hand"—in this case with a pen in it—lies heavy on the calling of letters. [Laughter and Hear! hear!]

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Concerning Literary Property

Authors rarely assemble on any occasion without discussing, in one aspect or another, the question of property in books. Mr. Kipling had some things to say on that subject in a vein light in manner but serious in feeling:

In other callings of life there exists a convention that what a man has made shall be his own, and his children's after him. With regard to letters, the world decides that after a very short time all that a writer may have created shall be taken from him, and shall become the property of anybody and everybody except the original maker. [Hear! hear!] This may be right. It may be more important that men should be helped to think than that they should be helped to live. But those on whom this righteousness is executed find it difficult to establish a family on letters. Sometimes they find it difficult to feed one.

That letters should be exempted from the law of continuous ownership seems to constitute another handicap on the calling. Most men are bound by oath or organization or their natural instinct not to work for nothing. [Laughter.] When his demon urges a man of letters to work, he may do so without any regard to wages or the sentiments of his fellow-workers. This may be incontinence or inspiration. Whichever it is, we must face the fact and its consequences, that at any moment a man of letters may choose to pay, not only with his skin, but in cash and credit, for leave to do his work—to say the thing he desires to say. [Hear! hear!] This is perhaps not fair to himself or his fellows, but it is a law of his being, and as such constitutes yet another handicap. Is it not more reasonable to hold that the triple handicap I have mentioned, and not so much individual folly, is responsible for the high percentage of casualties among men of letters? Men perpetually measured against the great works of the past; men debarred by law from full possession of their own works in the present; men driven from within to work whether their world desires that work or not—such men must always enjoy the privilege accorded to minorities. They must suffer. Much of this suffering is inevitable, but some of it the Fund, by your good help, can reach and alleviate as few other institutions can. [Hear! hear!] It has had over a century's experience of all the chances and misfortunes that can overtake men and women. Its work is done, as we would desire it to be done in our own case, with silence and discretion, and for that very reason it is difficult, as the report says, to bring home the value of the work to the public.

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Asia Awakening

The English public is not at ease about conditions in India. Disturbing reports of outbreaks of violence of one kind or another continue to be received; and it is recalled that before the Sepoy Rebellion similar acts of violence became increasingly common. Nor is the disturbance confined to India. All Asia has become restless; and those who look below the surface are beginning to face the fact, which clear-sighted men saw several years ago, that the rise of Japan to the rank of a first-class power involves enormous consequences in the Orient. To adapt a well-worn phrase, it is not a revolt which is taking place in the Far East; it is a revolution. A permanent change of condition is coming over the Far Eastern peoples, and the sooner Western countries recognize that fact the better for both sections of the world. Asia is awakening out of her century-long slumber. Her state of passivity is coming to an end. Her territory can no longer be taken without her consent, nor her forms of government changed without active protest. Japan is perfectly right in its determination to be dealt with in international affairs as an equal; and Japan is only leading the way. The French possessions in Indo-China show the same symptoms of restlessness as are exhibited in India; and officials are apprehensive of a great popular insurrection. Many well-informed observers are of opinion that important events are likely to take place in China; and the sudden activity of the warlike clans in Afghanistan is by no means reassuring. Europe must face the possibility of a certain degree of co-operation hereafter among Asiatic countries, which may presently take the form of active confederation and of a flaming up of the racial and religious spirit which may have very serious consequences to foreign rule.

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Christian Socialism

Among noteworthy recent events is the "Third National Conference of the Christian Socialist Fellowship," held in New York May 28–31. Ministers of over half a dozen religious denominations, including the Jewish, were on its programme. The Conference was plain proof of the growth and the grip that Socialist or Socialistic principles have already gained in the churches. To this Mr. Debs, the Socialist candidate for the Presidency, bore approving testimony when introduced to the Assembly. Meetings were held in Brooklyn and Harlem churches and at Carnegie Hall, as well as at the headquarters of the Conference, the Parish House of the Church of the Ascension. The Christian spirit was manifest enough, though Christian wisdom and knowledge were not so fully apparent. It will not do to say that Jesus' remark, "The poor ye have always with you," was made to Judas, who thereupon had the grace to hang himself; nor to tell those who are not ready to encounter blood and wounds and death in the Socialist cause that they had better go home. Such utterances, however, were rare. The prevailing note was fraternalism in business, industrial brotherhood: Jesus must become the Saviour of the whole man; business must be Christianized. But that this is to be realized through co-operation with political Socialism, as some of the leading spirits seemed to believe, many Christian Socialists deny. It is plainer to them than to the leaders of this Conference that the masses of our democracy are not yet moralized enough to work fraternally, each for the other, under the strain of the large injection of politics into industry which the nationalization of productive machinery and the co-operative commonwealth of political Socialism involve. The comments of the daily press upon the Conference were noticeable mostly for ignorance and prejudice. The editor who wrote, "There is not a trace of spirituality about Socialism, and there is not a trace of materialism about Christianity. . . . Christianity has the same relation to Socialism that it has to bimetallism or free trade," wrote from the standpoint of the unschooled Philistine. The New York Tribune, as an impartial spectator, sensibly advised such critics to begin fair discussion, and avoid defeat by talking "bosh." It is timely here to make note of the fact that a committee of bishops in the Pan-Anglican Conference at London in 1888 made this record: "No more important problems can well occupy the attention—whether of clergy or laity—than such as are connected with what is popularly called Socialism." But "what is popularly called Socialism" includes much that cannot properly be so called. The term Christian Socialist is a loose one; but it is not large enough to include all who believe in human brotherhood and who are clear and earnest in their conviction that not only is Christianity applicable to industry, but industry will never be peaceful and prosperous until it is pervaded by the Christian spirit.

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A Church Combination

The anniversary meetings of the Baptists of the North, held in Oklahoma City May 20–27, were in some respects the greatest in the history of the denomination. A body of one thousand delegates, with credentials, sitting by States, made possible results which the old "mass-meeting" idea, which it superseded, was quite incompetent to deal with. The provisional organization of the Northern Baptist Convention, formed a year ago, was enthusiastically made permanent. President Harry Pratt Judson, of the University of Chicago, was elected President of the Convention, and his organizing ability was evident in the progress that was made in the movement that was set on foot in Washington last year to affiliate in some organic way with the Convention, as the general organization of the denomination, all the self-perpetuating and more or less independent "societies" through which the missionary activities of the churches have been carried on. The particular form which this organic union is to take was referred to a Joint Committee of the Convention and the Societies to report next year. In the meantime a provisional working arrangement was effected. By amendment of the By-laws of the

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Convention it became possible for any of the denominationally recognized missionary, educational, and philanthropic organizations to become "co-operating societies" of the Convention by agreeing to regulate expenditures, solicit funds, and incur indebtedness only on approval of the Convention. On its part the Convention agreed to aid through its Executive Committee in raising funds needed by each co-operative society. Provision was made for the appointment of a Convention Finance Committee to which all budgets of "co-operating societies" must be presented, and which will present to the Convention annually a co-ordinated budget based upon them. The three so-called "great" societies of the denomination, the Missionary Union, Home Mission Society, and Publication Society, took immediate steps to become co-operating societies, their budgets were passed upon by the Executive Committee of the Convention (the Finance Committee not having been appointed), and there comes before the denomination this year for the first time a unified budget and appeal. The amounts of the debts of each Society were added to the budget, and the Convention appeals to the 1,250,000 Baptists of the North for $1,500,000 this year for the missionary work of the denomination at home and abroad. By a special committee this will be apportioned among the States. This is an immense advance in method and already promises the most encouraging results. The organization of the Convention makes it possible for the denomination to enter lines of investigation and organized activity out of which it has been shut for want of the very means of self-expression. Commissions were appointed for study and report to the denomination as to what the churches are doing along lines of Social Service and City Missions. The first-named commission, upon which are such experts as Professors Shailer Mathews and C. R. Henderson, will issue during the year a series of pamphlets upon social aspects of the work of the Church. The appointment of commissions upon the affiliation of Baptist organizations for the relief of dependent ministers and widows, and upon the denominational press, indicates the harmonizing and co-ordinating spirit that has seized upon the denomination. The Baptists have come to a new self-consciousness in the Northern Baptist Convention, and there must come with it a vast accession of force. The significance of this action, in the creation of such an organism, can be understood only when it is remembered that the Baptist churches are, in polity, uncompromisingly congregational.

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The Methodist Quadrennial Conference

On June 1 the Centennial General Conference of the Northern Methodists adjourned in Baltimore. During the four weeks it had been in session much necessary routine work had been accomplished, and much unnecessary but apparently as inevitable discussion had taken place. This body is a large and unwieldy one, composed as it is of between seven and eight hundred delegates. No act of this Conference stands out as very distinctive. Its action was, in respect to some old traditions, radical, as in abandoning the title "presiding elder" (which has been in use, we believe, since Wesley's time), and in practically doing away with the hitherto necessary stage of probationary membership; and in respect to at least one rather recent innovation conservative, as in retaining the legislation against theater-going, dancing, and certain other specified amusements which the bishops of the Church had recommended repealing. The Conference registered an advance in church union. Negotiations have for several years been pending between the Congregational, United Brethren, and Methodist Protestant bodies for a "Tri-Union." These three denominations are not dissimilar in polity. But polity is weaker than temperament and tradition as a binding force, and so it happened that when from the Northern Methodist Episcopal Conference an invitation went forth to the Methodist Protestants to rejoin the Mother Church, the response was so genuine and was given with such evidence of emotion that it can hardly be doubted that the outcome will be a reunion of two branches of Method-

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ism. The Conference has added the Northern Methodists to that group of denominations which have formed the Federal Council of Churches. On the subject of modern practical problems the Conference, after much heated discussion, put itself on record in favor of the Anti-Saloon League, which means approval of methods which, whether totally prohibitory or not, have driven out the saloon from wide areas, and adopted this fine, specific, and progressive declaration:

The Methodist Episcopal Church stands:

For equal rights and complete justice for all men in all stations of life.

For the principle of conciliation and arbitration in industrial dissensions.

For the protection of the worker from dangerous machinery, occupational diseases, injuries, and mortality.

For the abolition of child labor.

For such regulation of the conditions of labor for women as shall safeguard the physical and moral health of the community.

For the suppression of the "sweating system."

For the gradual and reasonable reduction of the hours of labor to the lowest practical point, with work for all; and for that degree of leisure for all which is the condition of the highest human life.

For a release from employment one day in seven.

For a living wage in every industry.

For the highest wage that each industry can afford, and for the most equitable division of the products of industry that can ultimately be devised.

For the recognition of the Golden Rule, and the mind of Christ as the supreme law of society and the sure remedy for all social ills.

The Conference elected eight bishops, as follows: the Rev. Drs. W. F. Anderson, J. L. Neulson, W. A. Quayle, C. W. Smith, W. S. Lewis, E. H. Hughes, Robert McIntyre, and F. M. Bristol.

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A Significant Movement

In 1844 a few young men gathered in London to consider what they could do for the homeless and friendless young men in that great city. To-day Young Men's Christian Associations exist in almost every great city, in most of the larger towns and in many villages in Christendom, and in many of the towns and cities in pagan lands. These Associations, started as wholly independent organizations and still maintaining absolute control of their own affairs, are affiliated under an International Committee which exercises no authority over them but unifies them by a species of voluntary supervision, counsel, and co-operation. This Committee has grown to such proportions in its work that it has just erected, through the generosity of two women, Mrs. Dodge and Mrs. Sage, in the city of New York, a building seven stories high on Twenty-eighth Street near Lexington Avenue and extending through to Twenty-seventh Street. Except for a small portion devoted to the similar work of the Young Women's Christian Associations, the whole building is occupied by the secretaries of the International Committee. The extent of the work of this Committee is indicated by the fact that it keeps busy seventy-five typewriters and stenographers, the nature of the work by the facts that it has a complete collection of literature bearing on the work of the Associations, a very complete library of foreign Associations, a very good library of books for use in Biblical study, and a small gymnasium where inquiring secretaries of local Associations can examine different types of apparatus and obtain trustworthy information concerning both the quality and uses of such apparatus and the prices and places to purchase. The growth of the Young Men's Christian Association from such small beginnings to such large proportions constitutes one of the signs of the times which all who are interested in the work of the Church or the welfare of humanity would do well to study. There are two aspects of this movement which seem to us especially worthy of consideration. It throws light on the problem of Church unity. While ecclesiastics have been discussing conditions of union upon a common creed or a common ritual or a common order, these young men have accomplished union by engaging in a common work, animated by a common purpose, and in loyalty to a common Master. Philosophy divides, work unifies. This is one lesson. While the Catholics—Roman, Greek, and Anglican—have been insisting on a bishopric as essential to the union of the Church, and the Independents or

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Congregationalists have been insisting on independency as essential to the liberty of the Churches, these young men have established an organization with a supervision quite as effective as that of any bishopric, and a liberty of the local Associations quite as unhampered as that of the most independent of the Protestant Churches. By a fraternal and unauthoritative supervision over free and independent bodies they have achieved liberty *and* union.

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Governor Johnson's Birmingham Speech

Governor Johnson's speech at Birmingham, Alabama, on May 26 is that of a statesman, though with his statesmanship The Outlook is not in accord. In this speech he declares that the progress of the Republic, as guided by the landmarks of Constitutional liberty, is opposed by two dangers: one is a tendency of the Federal Government to centralization of power and the assumption of sovereign powers not delegated to it by the Constitution, but belonging to the States and to the people; the other is the power of centralized and predatory wealth, fostered by special privilege and defiant of both the public welfare and the law of the land. In the report before us Governor Johnson appears to regard political concentration as more dangerous than industrial concentration; and he also curiously condemns as characteristic of a Republican administration a doctrine respecting the true interpretation of the United States Constitution which has been authoritatively affirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States—the doctrine that the Constitution does not extend over aliens. We call his speech that of a statesman because it is an honest endeavor to interpret a danger to American institutions and to point out a remedy. We do not agree with this statesmanship, because we do not believe in the remedy which he appears to prescribe. It is true that the increasing power of organization, both in the industrial and in the political world, involves a serious menace to popular rights; but it is not true that the remedy is in the one case industrial, in the other political, weakness.

The radical remedy for the evils of plutocracy is a better distribution of wealth. The concentration of wealth in administration, the distribution of wealth in profits to the owners, is the combination which America is struggling to attain. The Standard Oil Company gives better oil at better prices than could have been given by unlimited competition, with consequent degradation and adulteration of goods and illegitimate cutting of wages. Travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast is incomparably more comfortable now that it is under the control of a few great administrators than when it was carried on without organization by lines in constant war with each other. How to preserve these advantages which come from concentration in administration and secure the advantages which would come from a larger ownership and a more equable distribution of the profits which are made out of a common wealth —oil in the earth in the one case, a National highway in the other—is our industrial problem.

This problem will not be solved by any short and easy method. It will be solved only when, by a concentration of concurrent remedies, wealth is more equally administered, and corporation business is so carried on that the man of moderate means can invest his savings as safely in a railway, a factory, or a mine as he now does in a savings bank. When the ownership of corporate property, and so its ultimate control, is divided among the many, the administration will be for the benefit of the many—not before. Government regulation of great corporations, especially the railways, a common and simple method of account-keeping, publicity, abolition of rebates and all similar special privileges, short-time franchises to all corporations engaged in public business, State and National guardianship of mines and forests, the revision of the tariff, the abolition of personal taxes and the substitution of land taxes, profit-sharing, a progressive inheritance

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tax, industrial education, child labor laws, eight hours as the standard labor day, limitation of the labor of women—these and kindred measures all have a common purpose and will have a common effect: the lowering of interest and dividends which are the profit of capital, the raising of salaries and wages which are the profit of labor, and the resultant better distribution of wealth. Such distribution of wealth is the radical and ultimate remedy for "centralized and predatory wealth fostered by special privilege."

The remedy for the danger of increased political power is analogous. The danger to American democracy is not concentration of power, it is irresponsible power. The remedy is not limitation of power, it is not even decentralization of power; it is direct responsibility to the people for the just exercise of power. New York City is not imperiled by too great power in Mayor McClellan, whom the people can call to account, but by the power of Tammany, which they cannot easily call to account, and Tammany's henchmen, whom they cannot call to account at all. The will of the people in New York State is not threatened by Governor Hughes, whom the people can easily retire from his office if they do not approve his policy; it is thwarted by bosses who attempt to control the Legislature by means of forged telegrams, and whom, because they work in secret, the people cannot retire from their underground offices. The will of the people of the Nation is not in danger from power concentrated in the hands of the President. He is in the lime-light; every deed he does is seen, every word he utters is heard, throughout the continent. It is endangered by Congressional cabals controlled by secret forces, difficult to combat because difficult to discover. Democracy is not threatened by the concentration of administrative power in a few hands; it is rather threatened because the power is not sufficiently concentrated. Concentrated power is palpable, visible, responsible; power scattered through many administrators is impalpable, unseen, irresponsible. Whenever the administration of political power is scattered among a variety of men who work in secret, whose very names are unknown to the common people, democracy is in peril. Whenever the administration of political power is lodged with a few men, who derive their authority from the people, who exercise it in the sight of the people, and who are from time to time compelled to give account for its exercise to the people, democracy is safe.

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Five New Novels

Those readers of Mr. Winston Churchill's books who have read them with some care will find in his latest story, "Mr. Crewe's Career" (Macmillan), another chapter in his broad, epical delineation of the American spirit. Mr. Churchill's stories are open to criticism from the standpoint of workmanship. "The Crossing," for instance, was conspicuously lacking in construction and selection; and in almost every story that has come from his hand there are chapters which the reader sensitive to literary form would like to revise. These defects, however, ought not to obscure a genuine quality of imagination and an intimate and sympathetic knowledge of American life; nor ought they to obscure the quiet growth which Mr. Churchill is making in the mastery of his materials and in the art of story-telling. "Mr. Crewe's Career" supplements, though it is in no sense a sequel to, "Coniston." There is the same intimate study of political conditions in New England, the same charming vein of sentiment, the same homely humor, the same first-hand knowledge of rural life. Jethro Bass was the individual boss in the good old times when political control was in the hands of an individual; in "Mr. Crewe's Career" the control has passed to a group of men who are the servants of a railway. No one can read this story without feeling that he has been brought in contact with actual conditions, and that he has his hand on the very pulse of the machine in its present state of development and manipulation. No story has touched so closely and with such obvious fullness of knowledge on

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what has been called "the system;" the interweaving of legislation and business to such a degree that politics becomes business and business very largely becomes politics—politics which deals in legislation imposed upon States by men who have no political position.

This is the story of an attempt to break the power of a plutocrat oligarchy. "Mr. Crewe's Career," however, has nothing in common with the loosely constructed, flamboyant, demagogic novel. It does not attempt to make material out of the agitation of the hour, or to deal commercially with the immediate interest of the American people. It is an honest and fair story. In most accounts of the plutocrats and corporation bosses everything is painted in black and white, and the boss appears as a corrupting human monster; in Mr. Churchill's story he is a man with the instincts, passions, affections, and desires of other men; he has become involved in a system; his moral standards have been lowered; in one sphere of his action he has been corrupted; but he is a comprehensible man, not a human monster. All Mr. Churchill's novels have been American to the core; none more than this. As a story there are defects in its construction; but it is very interesting; and the heroine is a type of woman as fresh, original, and captivating as any that has appeared in American novels for a long time past.

Mr. Crawford, on the other hand, has written only a few American novels. His backgrounds have been largely English or Italian, though he has neglected neither Spain, Germany, India, nor Turkey. His latest story, "The Primadonna" (Macmillan), begins in New York and ends in rural England. The central figure of "Fair Margaret," one of the most enjoyable of Mr. Crawford's later stories, has bloomed into the brilliant and captivating "Primadonna," in whose train as lovers appear a middle-aged American millionaire, an inexpressive but thoroughly fine-tempered Englishman, and a vivacious and somewhat flamboyant Greek. There is a good old-fashioned plot, and there is a villain, who might have been studied from a discredited New York lawyer; a noisome person who has the good grace to die in a hospital before his mischief has come to fruition. At his worst Mr. Crawford is interesting; and probably nobody will begin "The Primadonna" without finishing it; but the second half shows relaxation of grip, and the dénouement, while it is agreeable and clears the character of one of the leading figures, is not convincing.

Nor, for that matter, is Miss Alice Brown's "Rose McLeod" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.); a very carefully written and well-staged drama of modern New England life. Miss Brown has scored a great success in Mrs. Fulton, a captivating old lady, who breathes, moves, and lives like a human being, and in her friend Billy Grant, who returns from London just at the opportune moment, and who is drawn from the life. Mrs. Fulton has no morals to speak of. She is one of those New England women whose complete moralization, so far as character is concerned, has been achieved by her ancestors, and who therefore can afford to be entirely unmoral, so far as her own conscience is concerned. She is endowed with a granddaughter who is a modern monster; college-bred, educated to her fingers' ends, devoted to philanthropy, breathing the atmosphere of the ardent and arduous club woman, always improving herself, bent on self-sacrifice, abnormal, unhuman; as uncomfortable and irritating a creature as ever lived, but the constant joy of her worldly grandmother. The men in the story are highly vizualized, imaginary male persons. They live in a rarefied atmosphere, and they never by any accident come to life. The story is well worth reading, however, for the sake of Mrs. Fulton and Billy Grant, two of the most fascinating and natural figures that have appeared among us for a long time.

One is sure of thorough construction and admirable writing in any book which bears the name of Robert Herrick, whose sincere and substantial talent has been trained by the most patient and conscientious devotion to the art of fiction. "The Master of the Inn" (Scribners) is a short story, beautifully printed. It can be read in an hour. There is practically no plot. It is obviously a study of a person; but

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the atmosphere of it, the dignity, and, in spite of the unusual personality with which it deals, the reality of it, are impressive and uplifting. It is a chapter in American idealism, and it is also an admirable example of the best contemporary American writing.

From the pure, clear air of this beautiful story to the intense high light of Mr. Hewlett's "The Spanish Jade" (Doubleday, Page & Co.) is a transition at once abrupt and striking. It is the older Spain with which Mr. Hewlett is concerned; the Spain of the bleak landscape, the brilliant sunlight, the lonely roads, the white-walled town, the picturesque religion freed from the limitations of morality, the directness, simplicity, and passion of the Latin temperament. "The Spanish Jade" is a brilliant study of a young girl who has no morality except devotion, but whose genius for loyalty and love lift her, by a natural process, into purity and beauty. There is plenty of intrigue of the good, old-fashioned kind; there are knives and pistols and perilous horseback journeys; there are assassinations, noblemen in decay, profligate sons and priests; all drawn in Mr. Hewlett's highly individual style.

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Jesus Christ as a Churchman

Jesus has been very often regarded as a "come-outer," and his example cited as an indorsement of those who are not only critics but assailants of the Church. It is certain that he was not an ecclesiastic. He was no office-bearer in the Church; he was neither a priest in the Temple nor a ruler in the synagogue; he was scoffed at because he had not had a rabbinical education; if orthodoxy is conformity to the established order of faith, he was not orthodox; he condemned in no uncertain terms the hampering traditions and the false faiths of the Church, and the criminal inhumanity of many of its leaders; he did not confine his ministry within the walls of either the synagogue or the Temple; he was apparently excommunicated from the synagogue; and he was certainly put to death on the demands of the supreme ecclesiastical court of his nation.

All this is true; and yet it is also true that Jesus was a churchman. The Homiletic Review for March publishes an interesting sermon by Henry Sloane Coffin, D.D., of New York City, in which he lays emphasis on this fact. We condense here into a paragraph the statements made by Dr. Coffin in support of this affirmation. Jesus was received into the Church as a helpless infant, as the children of Christian parents are received among us by baptism. That he was trained in the doctrines and traditions of his Church is evident from all we know of his mother's character; from his own affirmation as a boy, "I must be about my Father's business;" from his identification with the reform movement within the Church made by him at his baptism; by his affirmation at that time, "It becometh us to fulfill all righteousness." He customarily attended the synagogue services; he kept the festivals of the Church; its Temple was to him "my Father's house." He was familiar with and frequently used its sacred books; when permitted so to do, he preached in the synagogue pulpits and taught in the Temple courts, and apparently himself observed and counseled his disciples to observe whatever the Scribes and Pharisees who sat in Moses's seat commanded, but did not counsel his disciples to follow their example, or allow themselves to be actuated by their spirit. There is no indication that he wished to leave the Jewish Church and found a new institution of his own; on the contrary, the roots of the Christian Church are found in the Jewish Church, in which it was planted and out of which it grew.

All the objections urged against the Church of Christ in America to-day could have been urged with far greater force against the Jewish Church in Palestine in the time of Christ. Is the American Church an ecclesiastical machine? The Jewish Church was much more so. Is the American Church hampered by its traditions? Christ declared that the ecclesiastics of his time, by their traditions, made the commandments of God of no effect. The Church teachers of

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our time are accused of indifference to the wants and woes of humanity. Jesus Christ condemned the religious leaders of his time as devouring widows' houses and hiding their cruel covetousness behind the mask of long prayers. But he did not leave the Church; he remained within it and attacked unsparingly its corruptions. He was a reformer, but he reformed, not by assailing the Church, but by assailing its abuses.

If an American believes that his country is in peril from the forces of corruption, he does not leave America and enlist in the Spanish army to fight his country. He remains in America and fights the enemies that dishonor its name and threaten its life. If a man believes that false doctrine, spurious ceremonialism, worldly ambitions, hypocritical pretenses, are imperiling the Church of his fathers, this is no reason for his leaving the Church of his fathers. It is reason for his remaining in the Church of his fathers and fighting the false doctrines, spurious ceremonialism, worldly ambitions, and hypocritical pretenses which threaten its existence. The example of Jesus Christ bids those who have been born in the Church of Christ to remain in that Church, whatever its defects. They are incidental. Its essential purpose, that which makes its past history and gives its future hope, is to bring the Kingdom of God on the earth—the Kingdom that is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit. To remain in the Church and labor to bring it back to its essential purpose, and to destroy whatever in creed, in ceremony, or in order interferes with the achievement of that purpose, is to follow Christ's example. The Church's eulogists are not its best friends; its best friends are its critics. Dr. Coffin well says: "If a man is entirely satisfied with the Christian Church, thinks its doctrines express all truth, its methods entirely effective, its spirit all that could be desired, for God's sake let him not unite with it. He would curse it with stagnation—to borrow a phrase from politics, he would be a spiritual 'stand-patter'—while the Church's crying need is discontent with present attainments in truth, in work, in life, that it may press on to apprehend that for which it has been apprehended of Christ Jesus."

The men inspired by this noble discontent are the very ones most needed within the Church to bring to it a true revival.

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The Spectator

Let the Spectator confess at the outset that his dominant antipathy is for snakes—a serious handicap in his study of birds. Mustering his heroism, he at last resolved that fear of snakes—rattlers in particular—should no longer prevent his pursuing his favorite study where the birds he most wanted to become better acquainted with were to be found—that is, in the foothills of Southern California. Driving from the station to the big vineyard ranch the day of his arrival along a dusty, unshaded road, with grim boulder-strewn foothills crowding closer and closer—gigantic rocks with yawning fissures suggesting what he shivered at contemplating—he had asked if there were many rattlers in the locality. "Plenty of 'em. They're more afraid of you than you are of them. They'll keep out of your way if they can. They are cowardly things, but once stirred up they mean business. Never forget that they are on hand—and where least expected. See them before they see you—that's all; killing one is easy enough; a sharp whack on the nose and they're done for. There's something to be said in their praise. They never attack without provocation, and they always give fair warning unless they have lost their rattles, as they often do. The barefooted children out here are rarely if ever bitten; they learn early to watch out. The boys will pick up a rattler by the tail and snap its head off. A year or so ago a showman came through here, pitched his tent by the station, and gave out that he'd pay twenty-five cents apiece for live rattlers. A big pile of squirming bags were dumped down by his tent in no time, but he sneaked away without paying a cent, taking a few of the finest specimens, and leaving the town to dispose of the rest, nearly two hundred. That shows what we can do in rattlers

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on call. They are getting scarcer every year, and, as a consequence, no doubt, the gophers and squirrels are increasing amazingly."

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The Spectator's informant went on to say: "A squad of biologists were out here not long ago, and you should have seen the collection they made—snakes of all sorts, Gila monsters, lizards, horned toads, and a wonderful lot of hummingbirds. The boys around here kept close to their heels, of course, and one day the favorite of the boys walked into the school-house and asked if he might talk a bit to the children. He told them it was foolish and cruel for them to kill off the rattlers as they were doing; it was helping to overrun the country with gophers and squirrels; the rattlers had better not be exterminated. He wanted them to remember the name of their own beautiful species, writing it plainly on the blackboard—*Crotalus lucifer*—the Pacific rattlesnake, and corrected common mistakes about these snakes, such as that of learning their age by the number of their rattles. Because they often and easily lose their rattles (they grow new ones again in three months sometimes), they do not always give warning before striking. Then, when chilled or overfed, they do not rattle; 'but when they are too lazy to rattle they are too lazy to strike.' They'll never run after you, he said; they'll always get away if they can; and the children knew, of course, how absurd were the bragging stories about their size. The school listened approvingly; and spoke up without hesitancy when asked what they would do if bitten. 'Jab a knife deep into the wound, suck out the blood, tie a cord tight above it, and take whisky.' He told them that the surest antidote was permanganate of potash—tablets of it dissolved in water; that the whisky was only for a heart stimulant and to keep up courage. Plainly, they were more amused than edified—as if he could tell them anything new about rattlesnakes! Had they ever seen one 'six feet long and as big round as your leg?' The answer was a yell of derision. Well, that was the kind that a good many 'tenderfeet' bragged about having killed out there, and as a snake-skin stretches in the dyeing and tanning process, the braggarts could point to their preserved trophies as specimens of 'baby rattlers only.' How long was the average big rattlesnake? 'Seldom over forty-two inches,' promptly answered one of the older boys, adding, 'It's the big gopher snakes, that look so much like 'em, that the greenies take for rattlers. They'll fine you if you kill a gopher snake out here.' Then the professor made an earnest plea for the best friend the ranchman ever had, the gopher snake. All went on smoothly until he wound up by saying that he would far rather see the Pacific *lucifer*, head and tail erect, on our National coat of arms than the d[illegible]icable American eagle. Then he was missed."

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"The trail of the serpent is over it all," said the Spectator to himself many times on his birding trips afoot and alone that summer, up wild ravines and over desolate heights; and yet he never saw what he so dreaded to encounter—a rattlesnake. Big gopher snakes and red racers had startled him nearly out of his wits; he had heard shivery rustlings in the brush that had quickened his steps in flight; but *Crotalus lucifer* had kept in hiding, nor did the Spectator intrude upon its favorite haunts, the poultry-yards and the apiaries. But it wouldn't do to leave Back of Beyond without seeing a live rattler. "It's up Capitan Cañon that you can't miss 'em," said the Spectator's host, plainly feeling that *Crotalus lucifer* had slighted his guest. So off they started on horseback early one morning to "do" Capitan Cañon—their objective point the Watch-tower. They would see on the way the ranch where a nephew of Washington Irving had died an old man after living there the best of his life. Then, high up a steep mountain in a pocket-like valley, was another place the Spectator might care to see, where a "city man down on his luck" had taken up a section of government land nobody else would have looked at, and had actually made a living off a citrus patch and his fees. His wife had lived up there with him through ten years. There was no getting up to their little ranch save on foot, so there she

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stayed until she followed his remains down the trail. She never went back. The Spectator felt strangely drawn to the little cabin, from whose door the Pacific could be seen, and a mountain range in Mexico, until the ranchman added that the last time he was up there two rattlers had slipped under the forsaken hearthstone.

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Birds and birds, flowers and flowers, the base of the sun-smitten rocks in densest shade for miles, cavern-like fissures opening upon grim, inaccessible mountain walls, suggesting cliff dwellings! Across a stretch of hot sand a tarantula was crawling, lizards darted over the rocks—everything was out save what the ranchman was looking for, with a slip-noose ready, a lard-pail, and a bottle of chloroform. They fell in with the old road-mender of the cañon (eighty-three, walking daily miles to his work and back), and asked him to lunch with them—a delightful episode, plainly, for their guest.

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On and on, up Capitan Cañon they went, the early afternoon finding them six miles from the Watch-tower. Low, rambling, detached cabins of widely separated ranches were passed. At last they reached a level road, hardly more than a grassy foot-trail, overarched by sycamores and oaks, following the course of an almost dried-up brook. "The desert is over there," the Spectator's escort had said, pointing to the grim heights before them. "Irrigation is crowding it back, though." They were passing an abandoned ranch, where large investment had been made for irrigation by an Englishman of considerable means, but homesickness had driven the owner back to London town.

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Perched high on a projecting promontory, the Watch-tower as first seen from nearly a mile off was far less of a blemish than it proved upon nearer view. It was a crude imitation of a feudal castle, but distance made it easier to merge the tower into its surroundings. The proprietor met his guests most cordially at the foot of the steep foot path zigzagging up the cliff; a middle-aged man, who had chosen that spot for the home of the bride of his youth, nor had they ever been able to leave it—nor would they if they could, he was soon telling the Spectator. A born visionary, plainly, and that was his House of Dreams. All that he meant to make of the place some day was described with elated expectancy that greatly helped his listeners in seeing the lily-ponds, tennis-court, golf-links, and fine stables of the future. The plans of the castle-to-be were shown—the spacious dining-room, the high-arched library, the bridges across a near-by chasm—all of which and much more would come to pass with the developing of various mines sure to unearth the treasures of the surrounding hills. There was a guest book, showing that the Watch-tower was visited by hundreds annually, and was a favorite resort besides for picnickers. A large family of sturdy children explained to the Spectator why the gentle little woman whose sweet content had made there a happy home could assure him so truthfully that she would not care to live anywhere else in the world, although she regretted that her grown-up children found it too lonesome.

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"It beats me," the ranchman was saying, as they neared the end of Capitan Cañon on their way home, "that we haven't seen one." The next moment he was out of saddle, and had tossed the reins to the Spectator. "There's one!" On a high boulder back of a clump of brush, in the full sunshine, the Spectator saw a gleam of coppery gold, a sluggishly crawling snake—he would have said it was ten feet long. It coiled quickly when struck at, gave its warning rattle, struck out viciously. But its victor was an expert with the slip-noose, and soon had his prize snug in the lard-pail, with liberal application of chloroform. The malignant expression of the face, of the lidless eyes, impressed the Spectator strangely. If the human species had been abhorred and hunted since its creation, nothing but fangs for defense as it crawled in the dust, would not the typical face of humanity have been like that?

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A BANKER'S VIEW OF ELASTIC CURRENCY

BY FRANK A. VANDERLIP

Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip was born forty-three years ago on an Illinois farm. He was educated in public schools, at the University of Illinois, and at the University of Chicago. He became a financial journalist, and eventually financial editor of the Chicago Tribune. In 1897 he became private secretary to Secretary of the Treasury Lyman J. Gage, and after a few months was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Vanderlip left the Government service in February, 1901, to become Vice-President of the National City Bank of New York. He is the author of various pamphlets and magazine articles, and of a book on "Business and Education." He has traveled much abroad in the study of financial conditions in Europe. His view of currency problems, therefore, deserves especial consideration and confidence. His interpretation of the Aldrich-Vreeland Act is, in general, confirmatory of that expressed by The Outlook last week. The next step, as Mr. Vanderlip declares, is for the new Currency Commission, supported by an intelligent public opinion, to frame a permanent and scientific measure which will furnish the country with a really elastic bank-note currency.—THE EDITORS.

ONE'S opinion of the recently enacted Emergency Currency Law will depend largely upon his point of view. Whoever expects to find in it a piece of well-rounded legislation, designed to give elasticity to our currency system, will be disappointed. One who looks to the law to provide a volume of circulation that will expand in periods of active business and disappear when the needs of commerce no longer require it will pronounce the Act anything but a successful solution of the currency problem. Even from the standpoint of one who only demands legislation economically sound, although it furnishes in but small degree a solution of the entire banking and currency problems, the measure is subject to criticism. But to those who still have a vivid recollection of the exigencies of the financial crisis of last fall, and the methods, unsanctioned by law or precedent, that were then of necessity resorted to in order to meet those exigencies, the law is, in the main, a most welcome piece of legislation. It should bring a feeling of relief to every banker and business man who understands the fundamental reasons that gave that crisis its most severe aspects; likewise to everybody who is awake to the fact that, so long as our currency system remained unchanged, a recurrence of similar dire financial conditions would always have been possible, even in periods of great prosperity.

Before the passage of this law we were in a position where, at any time, many of the unpleasant experiences of last fall might be repeated, should banking confidence from any cause receive such a shock as would again lead country banks into a general scurry to draw to their own vaults reserves in excess of their normal requirements, without regard to the effect on the general situation. The law, in spite of its incompleteness and its failure in some respects to recognize correct economic principles, must be regarded as legislation of great importance and value in that it safeguards us from such danger. It should be looked upon, frankly, as a temporary emergency measure, designed to meet a weakness in our financial system that most of us have only recently come clearly to recognize. Regarded in that light, it seems to me that there are few who will not admit that it places the country in a safer position than it stood before. Faulty as it may be when measured by rigid standards of thoroughgoing completeness, and deficient as it may be in furnishing an example of correct application of sound economic principles, it must be admitted that it will stand at least as a temporary safeguard against some of the dangers with which the country was confronted during the recent financial crisis.

The crucial test which the general public is apt to apply to the new law is

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whether it will be the means of saving us from another panic. Probably it will not. During the lifetime of the law in its present form—the Act expires by limitation June 30, 1914—it is improbable that its principal features will ever be called largely in action. Had it been in force last fall, however, I believe it would have saved the country from very much of the panic's severity. The scramble for reserves by individual banks without regard to the broader effect of such action, the freezing up of the ordinary streams of currency so that nearly all of the usual mobility of the great mass of bank reserves was lost, and the unprecedented resort to Clearing-House checks and certificates to meet the imperative need for the daily circulating medium, brought home unerringly to every man, no matter how slight his relation to the financial situation might be, the evidence of a disorganized financial system, thus making the whole public mind an easy prey to panicky forces. All that trend of untoward effects might have been avoided had the present currency law borne a date twelve months earlier than it does. The weakness in our banking system which made possible the situation then prevailing still exists. There is as great a need as ever for thoroughgoing banking and currency legislation. The measure which has been provided, however, will check any currency panic that has in it the same elements that were in the situation last fall.

The circulating bank notes provided by the new law will be as secure as our present currency so far as ultimate redemption is concerned, because the Government will guarantee the redemption of all National bank notes alike. The Government will be amply protected in taking that risk by securities and commercial paper deposited to secure the new notes, by a five per cent redemption fund maintained with the Treasury Department, by the credit of the issuing banks, and, in the case of circulation issued upon other security than State and municipal bonds, by a joint guarantee of all the banks embraced in the National Currency Association of which the issuing bank is a member. In addition to all this, the Government will be made secure by a safety fund resulting from a tax upon the additional circulation; a tax which is many times larger than statistics indicate would be needed to supply a fund ample for the purpose. So far as the public is concerned, therefore, there will be no occasion for examination or criticism of the new notes, should they be issued. Their security will therefore be beyond all question.

The measure may well be criticised, on the one hand, for imposing a tax so high that none, or at least no great amount, of the currency provided by the measure will be issued except in a serious emergency. On the other hand, it may properly be criticised for failing to provide a reserve to be held against a bank's obligation in the form of circulating notes, although that liability is as much a demand obligation as are bank deposits. If a reserve had been provided, however, the rate of taxation would necessarily have had to be materially lower or the usefulness of the measure would have been impaired.

Under the law, emergency circulating notes based on securities or commercial paper approved by the Secretary of the Treasury may be issued by a National bank whose surplus equals at least twenty per cent of its capital, and whose outstanding ordinary circulation (based on United States Government bonds) equals at least forty per cent of its capital. This may be issued to the extent of ninety per cent of the market value of State and municipal bonds or seventy-five per cent of the market value of other securities, including commercial paper, deposited as security. No bank may take out more circulation (including both kinds) than its capital and surplus amount to, and that based on commercial paper cannot exceed thirty per cent of such capital and surplus. The aggregate emergency circulation outstanding cannot be more than $500,000,000. The bonds of only those States and municipalities that have not defaulted on their funded debt for ten years past, and whose net debt does not exceed ten per cent of the assessed valuation of their taxable property, are available. Commercial paper is defined by the law as notes representing actual commercial transactions

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bearing the names of two responsible parties and maturing not later than four months.

Ordinary circulation is subject to a Government tax of one-half of one per cent per annum when the Government bonds deposited to secure it bear two per cent interest per annum, and one per cent per annum when such bonds bear more than two per cent. Emergency circulation is subject to a tax of five per cent per annum for the first month, which is increased by one per cent each month until ten per cent per annum is reached.

There are two ways in which emergency circulation may be issued. A bank may make an application through the Currency Association of which it is a member, or, where State and municipal bonds are offered as security, the application may be made directly. A Currency Association may be formed by ten or more banks having an aggregate capital and surplus of at least $5,000,000. Only one may be formed in any city, and no bank may belong to more than one. It must be formed by banks located in territory as contiguous as convenient. Any National bank properly qualified must be admitted to membership at any time, on application approved by the Secretary of the Treasury, and when admitted will have the same rights and liabilities as an original member.

No provision is made in the law for the withdrawal of a bank from an Association after it has once been admitted. The dissolution of a member bank does not terminate the Association so long as at least ten banks remain, and even then it will continue to exist to the extent that all claims for or against it may be asserted.

Government of the Association is vested in a board of directors composed of one representative from each bank. All ordinary powers, however, may be delegated to an executive committee of not less than five members, and it is with this committee that the real management of the Association's affairs will probably lie. The committee and officers, consisting of a President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer, are elected by the board. By-laws may also be made by the board with the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury.

All applications for emergency currency are to be passed upon by the Secretary of the Treasury after recommendation by the Comptroller of the Currency. The Secretary will also determine whether business conditions in the locality warrant the issuance of such circulation. The distribution of the notes is likewise left to him, the law requiring him to act as equitably as practicable between the various sections of the country and not to approve applications from Associations in excess of their proportionate share based on capital and surplus, unless, to meet an emergency, he may deem it necessary. Where application is made through an Association, the securities are deposited with it; where a direct application is made, they are deposited with the Treasurer or any Assistant Treasurer of the United States.

All the members composing an Association are jointly and severally liable to the United States for the redemption of all emergency circulation taken out by its members. The Association may require deposits of additional securities or an exchange of securities, and, on failure of a bank to comply with its order, may take legal steps to realize on the securities. A redemption fund of five per cent of the amount of circulation taken out must be deposited with the Treasurer of the United States, and if, in the case of any bank, it becomes impaired, the Government may use the redemption funds of other members to make it good.

An amount of emergency circulation notes, prepared in blank, equal to fifty per cent of the capital stock of each National bank will be kept on hand in the most convenient Sub-Treasury, subject to the order of the Comptroller of the Currency. The notes, as is the case with ordinary circulation, will be redeemable in lawful money on presentation to the United States Treasury. They may be withdrawn in any amounts at any time by deposit of lawful money or National bank notes with the Treasurer of the United States. They will state upon their face that they are secured by United States bonds or other securities.

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By the Act interest is required at the minimum rate of one per cent on average monthly amounts of special and additional deposits of public moneys made with regular depositaries and all deposits made with temporary depositaries. Heretofore no interest has been exacted on Government deposits. It is also provided that no reserve need be kept against such deposits.

A National Monetary Commission is created, composed of nine Senators and nine Representatives, to inquire into and report to Congress necessary and desirable changes in the monetary system or banking laws of the United States.

The new law accomplishes two things that should be of great importance. It will demonstrate to the public that it is safe to issue currency on other assets than United States Government bonds. The widespread feeling which has existed, that any deviation from a Government bond-secured circulation would be a return to the old days of wildcat banking, has been one of the greatest obstacles in the way of intelligent currency reform. This measure should demonstrate the error of that view, and show that a currency may be issued secured otherwise than by Government bonds, and still be so secure that the public need never stop to examine the character of the note it receives.

The other feature of great importance that is embodied in the bill is the admission by Congress, in providing for the appointment of a National Currency Commission, that there is need for a thoroughgoing scheme of legislation affecting banking and currency affairs. Congress should now be thoroughly awake to the fact that we have gone on for forty years with a banking system that has not been developed in accordance with changed conditions and vastly increased volume of business. It is fair to expect that the National Commission which the bill provides will evolve a plan for a truly elastic currency—a currency that will not need a great emergency to call it forth, but which will expand and contract as demands of commerce are greater or smaller. If the Commission is able to go further, and in some way unite the interests of the whole National banking system so that reserves are mobile, and we are relieved from the frightful danger that follows a scramble on the part of six thousand individual banks to replenish individual reserves, then we will have brought our banking legislation into harmony with modern requirements.

ALONG THE HARBOR SHORE

BY IVAN SWIFT

I like the days of northern spring
  When leaves emerge the bud,
The birches turn a tender green
  And maple-blossoms blood.

A sail is golden in the sun
  Against the purple hill;
A gull is high on silent wing,
  The swallows never still.

Where westing sun and fog are met
  Along the harbor's shore,
An aged fisher reels a net
  And mutters primal lore.

He is not of the spring of life,
  Yet find we equal cheer—
He, that the old ship weathered through;
  I, that the new may clear.

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THE TRAGEDY OF JEFFERSON DAVIS

BY CLARENCE H. POE

Among the leaders of Southern sentiment, Mr. Poe is typical of the younger group. Born since the close of the Reconstruction Era, he inherits the finer traditions of the South without having been embittered by memories of its harshest experiences. As editor of the Progressive Farmer, of Raleigh, North Carolina, he has not only rendered service to agricultural progress in the State, but has also given voice to liberal and progressive opinions on social and political questions. He is a member and Vice-Chairman of the Child Labor Committee of his State, and has done much to further the cause of the liberation of children from industrial burdens. He is also Secretary-Treasurer of the State Literary and Historical Association.—THE EDITORS.

THE celebration in all parts of the South a few days ago of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Jefferson Davis again directs attention to the singularly tragic career of the famous Confederate chieftain. A Shakespeare could make of it a story that would interest the ages. In fact, there is hardly a character in all the tragedies of the great playwright whom misfortune follows so persistently as it did the executive head of the short-lived Southern republic. Called of the gods to lead in sorrow but in imperial pride the foredoomed cause of a belated feudalism in its death-grapple with that growing spirit of democracy which had become the ruling passion of the age—why did this not promise in itself enough of tragedy to satisfy the fates? But it would seem as if destiny had set itself, through fourscore years and with many forms of trial, to break the masterful spirit of this man, only to find that through it all "he winced not nor cried aloud."

The magazines this month, this month of the Davis centenary, themselves illustrate in striking fashion the tragedy that still attends his memory. In these reviews even this month his name is barely mentioned, while articles already beginning foretell the coming deluge of literature that will mark the centenary of his great antagonist, Abraham Lincoln, in February of next year. Born in the same State and but a few months apart, the lives of both these men lay hold mightily upon the imagination; and in both the tragic is the major note. While reared in greater comfort, the early life of Davis seems hardly happier than that of Lincoln himself. Marrying at twenty-five the daughter of Zachary Taylor, her death a few months later almost prostrated him, and for years afterwards he lived in seclusion, helping his brother in the management of their Mississippi plantation and fitting himself by study for the tasks he was later to assume. Distinguishing himself for gallantry in the Mexican War, and winning laurels as Representative and Senator in Washington, this season of seeming prosperity lasted only long enough for the fates to fit him for the supreme tragedy in which he must ever stand conspicuous in history.

To few men has come a harder task than that of guiding the destinies of the loose confederation of jealous sovereignties that made up the Southern Confederacy. If Davis had succeeded, he would have deserved a mighty place in history; that he failed is not convincing proof of weakness. The very principles that called his government into being had in them the menace of failure. Leaving the Union because of their adherence to the doctrine of "States' Rights," each Southern commonwealth was jealous of whatever attempt at power the new central government displayed, and every effort made by Davis to increase the efficiency of the National organization provoked criticism. In his own Cabinet were bitter critics; the Vice-President of the Confederacy differed with him violently; in both houses of Congress his policies were under constant fire; the

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brilliant editor of the Richmond Examiner turned his caustic pen against the President; and Rhett, of the Charleston Mercury, went so far as to suggest impeachment itself. When the war ended and the horror of Lincoln's assassination maddened the people, the bitterness of the times had so fully done its work that the North was ready to believe Davis a party to the awful crime. For two years a prisoner on the charge of treason and complicity in assassination, the man who but a few years ago had seemed indeed to stand on fortune's crowning slope now drank the bitterest dregs of disaster and humiliation. And then, as if fated to typify in American history that

"Unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster,"

Davis came from this ordeal and engaged in business only to see his company fail after a few years of effort, while bereavement and other misfortunes crowded thick upon him. Three sons had been born to him. One of these fell from a window in the Executive Mansion during the war and was killed; in 1874 another died of diphtheria, while the only one to reach manhood died just as he began business at the age of twenty-one in 1878.

The tragedy of such a life should appeal to the heart of the Nation, and it is proof of the kingly spirit of the man that he was never humbled. An eyewitness described his trial, after two years of confinement in prison, much of the time shackled like the common criminal, in these words:

> Mr. Davis, though looking better than I expected, is only a shadow of his former self; but with all his dignity and high, unquenchable manhood. As he entered the densely crowded court-room with his proud step and lofty look, every head reverently bowed to him, and a stranger would have sworn that he was the judge and Judge Underwood the culprit.

The pity of it is that the tragedy did not end with the life of Davis, but that there are yet deplorable misconceptions of the man on the part of the general public. I am not an apologist for Mr. Davis; I am not even an ardent admirer of him, certainly not in comparison with Lee or Jackson or other Southern heroes of the Civil War. I would, however, have our people realize, howsoever short he fell of being a great statesman or nation-builder, the pathos of Davis's life, his indomitable courage, the purity of his character, and his modest but definite contributions to sectional readjustment and reconciliation in his last years. He was perhaps too much of a doctrinaire; he let his personal friendships sway him too much in his official relations; his brilliant exploits in the Mexican War and his notable success as Secretary of War in Pierce's Cabinet seem to have given him an exaggerated idea of his military genius; he was inexcusably slow, perhaps, in realizing the desperate straits of his army toward the last; and admittedly slower than Lee and other great Southerners in accepting the new order of things after the war.

The recognition of these facts, however, affords no justification for the perpetuation of admitted errors concerning the Confederate leader.

For a long time it was believed in the North that he had supported repudiation in Mississippi. The truth is, he wrote a pamphlet opposing repudiation, and presented it boldly to the leader of the opposition.

For a long time it was believed that he had plotted against the Union, in order that he might head the Confederacy. The truth is that he did not seek or desire the Presidency, but wished a place in the army, and received the news of his election as President with undisguised sorrow.

Many critics have charged that he was a failure as the new nation's chief executive. The truth is that circumstance foredoomed the occupant of the office, whatever his ability, to almost certain failure.

For a long time it was believed that he was responsible for the mistreatment of Union prisoners, and guilty even of plotting against the life of Lincoln; but historians of both sections now admit the groundlessness of these charges.

There has also been a widespread belief that Mr. Davis persistently encouraged disloyal sentiment in the South after the war; but this charge, as we shall see in a moment, is also without foundation.

Nor would this catalogue of the ele-

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ments of tragedy in the career of Mr. Davis be complete if I did not mention that savage thrust of his evil genius which even now will not let his memory rest, but sends to the United States from the South another Jefferson Davis, who in bearing and manner and speech is the antipodes of the dignified and cultured Senator from Mississippi fifty years ago.

Many stories are told illustrating the striking yet thoroughly easy and natural dignity of the Confederate President. In my office this week a man who knew him years ago said, "Mr. Davis was the only man I have ever known who knew how to walk." And his dignity was the same whether he was dealing with prince or pauper. When in Raleigh a score of years ago, a number of prominent men called to see him at the hotel, and he excused himself from them after a time in order that he might speak with his old negro servant, who had gone to his room to pay his respects and to talk with his former master.

It is my desire especially, however, to correct the current misapprehensions as to Mr. Davis's attitude toward the Union in his last years. What he may have said in 1871 is not a fair criterion, for the South was then in the midst of the saturnalia of Reconstruction, the excesses of which were calculated to drive the bravest men into despair and distrust of the future. A friend of mine who knew him in the later '70s declares, "There was no bitterness about him;" and this idea is borne out by the closing chapter of his monumental work on "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government." Hear him also in 1878:

> We have recently been taught that those whom we had considered enemies (measuring them by standard bearers whose hearts were filled with malignity) in our hour of trouble had hearts beating in sympathy with our grief. We have been taught by their generosity, that bounded with quick response to the afflictions of the South, that the vast body of people at the North are our brethren still. And the heart would be dead to every generous impulse that would try to stimulate in you now a feeling of hostility to those so large a majority of whom have manifested nothing but brotherly love for you.

Even more striking is the testimony of a man who heard Mr. Davis speak on the occasion of his last public appearance and who says: "Mr. Davis spoke for an hour or more. Every word he uttered admonished loyalty to the Union and the burial of all sectional feeling. Its effect was to hasten the growing reconciliation of the North and South, and the earnestness of his message can never be forgotten by those who heard him." The scene of this address was the Seventh Mississippi Democratic Convention, the time the fall of 1888, a year before Mr. Davis's death, and the occasion, as my informant reports it, singularly pathetic and dramatic. Colonel Stockdale, a Pennsylvanian by birth, had just been nominated for Congress, and Mr. Davis, happening to be in the city, was sent for and asked to address the Convention. It was late afternoon, and the last rays of a setting sun fell upon the white hair of the aged statesman as he stood before his hearers. Himself the ambassador of a vanished idea, the representative of a dead era, and a man who in the turmoil of eighty troublous years had suffered enough to make one of smaller mold vindictive and bitter, he brought to the young sons of the South a message showing such serenity of temper and catholicity of spirit that the fates for once seem to have grown kind to the man they could not humble; certainly nothing in all his life became him better than this last public scene in the tragedy of Jefferson Davis. In a time-yellowed paper now before me I find the first paragraph of Mr. Davis's speech on the occasion given as follows—and it makes a fitting word with which to close this sketch of a man with whom fate and history have dealt unkindly, but whom the future will vindicate from many misconceptions of our time:

> Mr. Chairman and Fellow-Citizens: Ah, pardon me! The laws of the United States no longer permit me to designate you as fellow-citizens, but I am thankful that I may address you as my friends. I feel no regret that I stand before you this afternoon a man without a country, for my ambition lies buried in the grave of the Confederacy. Aye, the grave of the Confederacy! There have been consigned not only my ambition, but the dogmas upon which that government was based. The faces I see before me are those of young men. Had I not known this I would not have appeared before you. Men in

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whose hands the destinies of our Southland lie, for love of her I break my silence, to speak to you a few words of respectful admonition. The past is dead; let it bury its dead, its hopes and its aspirations. Before you lies the future—a future full of golden promise, a future full of recompense for honorable endeavor, a future of expanding national glory, before which all the world shall stand amazed. Let me beseech you to lay aside all rancor, all bitter sectional feeling, and to take your places in the ranks of those who will bring about a consummation devoutly to be wished—a reunited country.

A COLLEGE THAT PIONEERED

OBERLIN: 1833–1908

BY WILLIAM B. SHAW

AN old man stood in the dooryard of his California home, some years ago, and sketched the story of his life. One of our Western empire-builders, he had played his part, not without adventure, in the drama of expansion and exploration. Twice he had led a wagon train across the plains before a transcontinental railway was more than a dream. More than one rude frontier community owed to him a stimulus to decent living. A man of exceptional bodily and mental vigor, he had used his powers to make the world about him better. Knowing these facts, I was interested in his personal explanation. Before he had gone very far in the narrative it became clear that one dominant influence had virtually shaped his career. He had been a student at Oberlin in the days of Finney and Mahan, and the impulse that came to his youthful spirit from the Oberlin teachings of the '30s accounted very largely for all that he had done in the half-century of active life that followed. If I could repeat to you the story that the old man told to me, you would have the secret of Oberlin's early growth; for it was by molding and inspiring hundreds of such lives in the three decades preceding the Civil War that Oberlin helped to make a nation's history as well as her own. Of the 36,000 men and women who in the past seventy-five years have had some part in the Oberlin microcosm, there have probably been few indeed who have not received from their contact with the institution certain definite impressions that have more or less modified all their later lives. The Oberlin influence was always a positive, even an aggressive, influence, and, whether we fully sympathize with it or not, we must admit both its persistence and its inherent virility.

The founders of Oberlin had something more in mind than to organize a college, or, in the phrasing of those times, "a seminary of learning." They wished to plant a colony in the Ohio forests and to dedicate it to righteousness. The humanitarian impulse was strong in their undertaking. They gave to their enterprise the name of a man whom no American, so far as one knows, had ever seen—a humble Alsatian pastor, whose work in a remote village of the Vosges Mountains, foreshadowing in some respects the "institutional church" of later times, had been brought to the attention of the famous Unitarian clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Henry Ware, Jr. The sketch of Jean Frédéric Oberlin which Dr. Ware published and circulated in America made a distinct impression on the imaginations of two Presbyterian missionary preachers in northern Ohio—John J. Shipherd and Philo P. Stewart. What Pastor Oberlin had been able to do for his mountain hamlet in the Vosges they hoped to do for the wilderness of northern Ohio—and, more than that, they looked forward to the rapid peopling of the Mississippi Valley and were eager to influence the life that should be developed in that great domain. The fathers of the Oberlin idea, like the gentle pastor whose life they wished to emulate, were men of peace, but in the working out of their scheme conditions were soon encountered which made this modest

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Ohio settlement a storm center of controversy for years to come.

It was in 1833, when Andrew Jackson was entering on his second term in the White House, that plans for the opening of "Oberlin Collegiate Institute" were matured and put in effect. The two men who took the initiative in founding the community and the school were not profound scholars. It is not to be assumed that they had any very clear conception of the scholastic needs of their generation. The one definite purpose of the school in their minds was the training of godly leaders, in the ministry and out of it, to advance the cause of Christianity in the West. Years afterwards it was said, with a sneer, that the Oberlin idea of a college was "a big country school with a revival going on in it." There was an element of truth in the fling. Yet if one should infer from the nature of Oberlin's origins that scholarship there, even in the early days, was grossly inferior or out of touch with what was going on in the world, he would be seriously in error. Almost from the beginning the men who came to Oberlin to teach were scholars of no mean attainments. Graduates of Yale, Dartmouth, Williams, and Amherst—honor men in more than one instance—they were proud to bear the torch of learning over the crest of the Alleghanies and to keep its light steadily burning through many troublous years. It can be truly said that for three-quarters of a century Oberlin has stood for an honest and genuine scholarship as opposed to every form of educational sham, and this has not been the least of her services to the West and to the Nation.

The dominant purpose of the founders, as I have stated, was to create a center of evangelization, but it was impossible, even if they had desired, to keep the craft that they had launched out of the main current of social and political agitation. All of those who had anything to do with directing the early life of Oberlin were men of strong convictions. Before many months had passed, the slavery question began to be debated in the village. Within two years the trustees had committed the institution to the admission of colored students on equal terms with white—a position from which no retreat was ever attempted. Under the strict alignment of that era the Oberlin leaders were labeled "Abolitionists," the school soon became known as a hotbed of "Abolition" sentiment, and the very name of the peace-loving Alsatian pastor came to stand for a cause that was as bitterly opposed by one section of the Union as it was courageously upheld by a small but growing minority in another section. The sweep of events, unforeseen at the outset, had made this little group of pious school-teachers in the Ohio backwoods the ordained champions of a hated sentiment and a despised race. Oberlin was now fairly enlisted for a Thirty Years' War that might well try the mettle of any struggling pioneer college.

In this crisis of 1835 there were two important factors that compelled Oberlin's open adherence to the anti-slavery cause. One was the "rebellion" in Lane Seminary, the Presbyterian divinity school at Cincinnati, caused by the attempt of the trustees to forbid discussion of the slavery question by the students. The other was the acceptance of a professorship of theology at Oberlin by Charles G. Finney, the evangelist, on condition that the institution should be open to colored students, and that the trustees should leave all matters of internal administration to the faculty. By their action on the color question the Oberlin trustees secured the immediate accession of Lane Seminary students who left that institution on account of their anti-slavery principles, while the Rev. Asa Mahan, of Cincinnati, who had been a Lane trustee, became Oberlin's first President. At the same time, the financial support of influential friends of Mr. Finney in New York, where he was then the pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, was obtained.

Without knowing something of Charles G. Finney's unique personality, we lack the real key to Oberlin's history; yet there has probably never been printed a pen-portrait of that personality which would seem to those who knew the man to be adequate or true. The most powerful preacher of his time, a theologian of marked ability, Finney had never

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received even the liberal education of that day. Yet he had a legal training, and of a direct and rugged English suited to the appeals of the evangelist he was a master. A man of genuine and terrible earnestness, before which men bowed like grain before the wind, this prophet, whom at first the churches had rejected, now commanded the wealth of merchant princes. When he went from New York to Oberlin, there to pass the remaining half of his long life, he brought to the new school in the forest, not only a National reputation as a religious teacher, but also a promise of generous financial support for the venture. Then came the panic of 1837, sweeping away the fortunes of those New York merchants who had pledged their aid, and out of the wreck the only visible token that survived at Oberlin was Tappan Hall, whose red-brick walls stood for half a century on the campus as a memorial of the sturdy anti-slavery merchant who had "silks for sale, but not his principles." Finney succeeded Mahan in the presidency; but that was a mere incident. He had put his stamp upon the school long before he became its President.

Meanwhile, the coming of the Lane Seminary "rebels" from Cincinnati made possible the graduation of a class in theology before the first class in the department of liberal arts was ready to receive the bachelor's degree. From that day to this theology has been a great feature in the Oberlin educational scheme. In the early years the Oberlin teachings were denounced as heretical by orthodox Protestant bodies, and licenses to preach were refused to graduates of the Seminary. The chief ground of complaint was the alleged teaching of "antinomian perfectionism." The opposition died out in the course of time, and the Seminary has sent out hundreds of ordained ministers, most of whom have occupied pulpits in Congregational churches, East and West. The Finney spirit was the spirit of the evangelist, and it never faltered.

The time of Oberlin's beginnings was a period in our National history when "isms" of every sort flourished as never before or since. In the intensity of early Oberlin radicalism many untried beliefs were emphasized, and some theories were found wanting when put to the test of practice. It was intended, for example, that the institution should be a manual-labor school—an idea evolved not so much from any theory of pedagogics as from the pressing economic necessities of the times. The experiment failed signally, and was never repeated, although to this day the College seal bears the words, "Learning and Labor." The vegetarians and other dietary reformers had their day at Oberlin, as elsewhere. Those in authority took a firm stand, from the very beginning, against the use of liquor and tobacco. There was also a determined opposition to secret societies of every sort. Most of the current social and ethical reforms were advocated at Oberlin, although not always in an extreme form; but the immediate effect was to spread abroad the reputation of the community as a gathering-place for "come-outers" of every type. To be associated with Oberlin, in those days, was to bear the brand of fanaticism, whether social, political, or religious.

Of all the experiments made in that era of innovation, the one that has had the greatest permanent significance, that has distinctly impressed itself on the life of the institution and has constituted Oberlin's chief contribution to America's intellectual progress, was the admission of women to the advantages of the higher education. The three young women upon whom the degree of A.B. was conferred at Oberlin in 1841, on the completion of the regular four years' course, were the first of their sex in America to have the privilege of earning such a degree. Since that date the policy of co-education of the sexes has been adopted by all the State universities of the West and the Middle West, by Cornell, Chicago, and Stanford, and by most of the smaller colleges founded after Oberlin had led the way. Whatever may be thought of the wisdom of that policy—and on that question the doctors still disagree—there can be no doubt as to the value of Oberlin's practical demonstration that women could do college work. Woman's higher education

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throughout the world, in the women's colleges as well as in co-educational institutions, owes much to the fact that seventy years ago a way was found by this pioneer college of the American backwoods to give the American girl of that day the same educational privileges that her brother had. At that time and for many years thereafter the Western girl who wished to take a college course and do full college work was restricted to Oberlin and to schools of the Oberlin type. The women's colleges of the East belong to a later development, although Mount Holyoke had made a brave beginning.

Of the thirty-two women who received the degree of A.B. at Oberlin in the decade of 1841–50, eight were living in 1905, when the quinquennial catalogue of the College was issued (in the case of two members of the class of 1844, sixty-one years since graduation), and of the twenty-four who had died eight had lived more than fifty years after graduation and eight between forty and fifty years. All but one of the thirty-two had been married. Every one of these women had done practically the same college work that Yale graduates of the same period had done; for the curricula of Yale and Oberlin in those days were almost identical.

In National affairs, as the Civil War clouds gathered, Oberlin stood out more clearly than ever as the representative of a body of public opinion in the Northern States that was not to be ignored. Perhaps no American college, in the twenty years preceding the war, was more closely in touch with popular movements. Even in those years the Oberlin constituency was Nation-wide. On the slavery question, the opening of the College doors to negro students was but the beginning of a campaign for the education of public sentiment that ended only when Lincoln's pen had made the slaves free. Every student who came to the College was certain to hear the cause of the slave pleaded from the Oberlin platform by the ablest of anti-slavery orators and agitators. Nine out of ten of the students went out from the College halls to be agitators themselves, each in his own way. It was in those days that the schoolmaster was abroad in the land, and hundreds of country schools throughout Ohio, and in other States, were taught by anti-slavery apostles from Oberlin, who had their long vacation from college in winter, instead of summer, for this very purpose. Five hundred of these teachers went out from the student body in a single year. Such a propaganda could not be conducted year after year without achieving some result. There came a time when a few votes were needed in each of the States of the old Northwest to throw the weight of those States against the slave power in the National councils. It has been asserted, not without a show of reason, that the influence of those Oberlin pedagogues, out of all proportion to their numbers, turned the scale. At any rate, this unique and persistent campaign of the schoolmasters had no small part in bringing about the election of Lincoln.

On the whole, perhaps Oberlin hardly deserved her reputation for extreme radicalism. True, the village was a station on the "Underground Railroad" to Canada, and citizens were implicated in rescues of alleged fugitive slaves, one such having been harbored and fed by Professor Fairchild himself. Yet such practices were common enough in other Northern communities. The general tenor of the Oberlin teachings tended to inculcate obedience to the laws of the land. When at last Fort Sumter fell, the students went to the front in such numbers that the class-rooms, even of the divinity professors, were almost deserted. One hundred of Oberlin's sons gave up their lives on the battlefield. Some of her graduates, like General J. D. Cox, took part in the most important operations of the war. A few of the older Eastern colleges had greater numbers of alumni and students to offer for the Nation's service, but none made greater sacrifices.

Through all her history Oberlin has never ceased to be stirred by the evangelistic impulse. In the early days, when her anti-slavery attitude prevented full co-operation with the American Board, her graduates founded independent missions in foreign lands and in parts of our own land (like Oregon in the '30s

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and '40s) that were quite as difficult of access as any part of Africa to-day. In course of time nearly every State of the Middle West and Northwest had its little college—each a junior Oberlin, and each dependent to a great extent on the parent school for its faculty and its standards. Oberlin men and women pioneered everywhere. There is hardly a Western school board or State legislature or city council that has not felt their influence. They have always sought the frontiers of civilization, whether at home or abroad. The members of Oberlin's China Band who died martyrs' deaths at Shansi in the Boxer Rebellion were succeeded within two years by a new band of enthusiastic recruits, whose ambition it is to give that part of China a school system that will truly enlighten the people and win them for Christian civilization. Among the students now in college there is no lack of volunteers for this work. Indeed, it is said that in no other American college or university, East or West, does the modern missionary enterprise find so hearty a response from the student body.

The returning "old grad," or other curious visitor, during Commencement week this year will find three or four thousand of Oberlin's sons and daughters assembled from every part of America, with not a few from distant lands, to celebrate the completion of the third quarter-century in the history of the colony and the College. As he steps from the Pullman on the Lake Shore train there will be little to remind him of the clearing in the woods that "Fathers" Shipherd and Stewart christened in 1833 with a name that devoted men and women have been proud to carry to the ends of the earth. The Oberlin of to-day is a model American village, in which sanitation and water supply are counted important assets. The college buildings—several of them built of stone and architecturally beautiful as well as convenient in design—are grouped about old Tappan Square. One of the most imposing of the buildings houses the Conservatory of Music, which, in respect to standards of instruction and strength of faculty and equipment, ranks with the first two or three schools of its kind in America. The Finney Memorial Chapel and the Carnegie Library are to be dedicated during the anniversary week. The students of the College, the Conservatory, the Theological Seminary, and the Academy—1,852 of them, all told—live all over the village. For the men there is no dormitory system, and the four dormitory buildings provided for the women can shelter only a small proportion of the female students in the several departments of the institution.

Even the "old grad" may be surprised to learn that these young people come from practically every State and Territory of the Union, from our insular dependencies, and from distant foreign countries; that less than half of them are residents of the State of Ohio; that, in short, Oberlin's constituency has become more truly *national* than that of any other college or university west of the Alleghanies, with the possible exception of the University of Michigan, and that it shares with a small group of Eastern universities the distinction of drawing more students from without its own State boundaries than from within them. The "old grad" further learns that 109 of the current year's enrollment come from Pennsylvania, 108 from New York, 102 from Illinois, 86 from Michigan, and 72 from Iowa, and he begins to think that no college more than Oberlin deserves to be entitled "the Yale of the West."

Outwardly, save for the presence of women in the class-rooms, the college life differs in no very marked way from that of the "plain college" in New England. There is the same interest in athletics (untainted by professionalism), and other student competitions afford an outlet for surplus undergraduate energy. The College is associated in the Northern Oratorical League with the State Universities of Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Iowa, and the University of Chicago and Northwestern University. In the intercollegiate contest of this league for the current year Oberlin's representative took first honors.

In endowment and material equipment the College is rapidly overtaking other institutions of its class. During the past ten years the general endowment has more than doubled, and is now nearing

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the $2,000,000 mark. In this period also valuable buildings have been added to the College "plant," and the enrollment of students in the College proper has increased nearly 100 per cent. The faculty is still wretchedly underpaid, but as wealth increases among the alumni the hope is entertained that the needs in this direction also will be seen and met.

In the seventy-five years of her existence Oberlin has had six presidents. The immediate successor of President Finney was James H. Fairchild (1866–89), a graduate of the second college class (1838), and an instructor and professor since graduation. President Fairchild's was a quiet but wise and fruitful administration. At his death, in 1902, he had been connected with the College, in one capacity or another, for sixty-eight years. The next two presidents, William G. Ballantine and John H. Barrows, although not Oberlin graduates, were both in fullest sympathy with the Oberlin ideals. President Barrows died just as some of his zealous labors for the College were beginning to have results. His successor, Henry Churchill King, a graduate of the class of 1879, has the loyal support of the alumni, and in the first five years of his administration the College has well maintained the remarkable rate of growth that began under Dr. Barrows. President King, like President Fairchild, literally grew up in the College, except for several years of post-graduate study at Harvard and Berlin. His books have given him a high rank among the constructive theologians of the day,[1] and his administrative abilities had been proven even before his election to the presidency, by his years of service as Dean and acting President.

Oberlin is no longer isolated. She is reached by the great world-currents of modern progress in art and science and constructive thought. She could not, if she would, remain what her founders planned her to be; but her long tutelage of "plain living and high thinking" is not to be despised in this day of material affluence.

LETTERS OF A VAGABOND

BY ALBERT EDWARDES

SECOND PAPER

Les Andelys, Department of Eure, France,
July, 1907.

ISN'T the name of this place a symphony like one of Rossetti's angels in "The Blessed Damozel"?

How did I get here? Well, I ran across an old college friend in Paris—chap with the vagrant in him and Norman French ancestors. And he proposed walking through Normandie. As tramping takes less money than anything I know, we rambled off. This is our last day. At noon we take train for Rouen, he goes back to his law office at home and I back to Paris and work.

We looked over the map for a place to end our walk. Viroflay—Rolleboise—Veronet; half a dozen names attracted us. But Les Andelys, thank God, won out, and here it is. Yesterday noon we left the highroad with its string of automobiles and vile dust and struck out over the hills through an ancient forest where Richard Cœur de Lion used to go hawking, and where many a knight went a-grailing in even older days. And all of a sudden, just as the sun was softening, we came to the edge of the forest and of the hill at the same time, and there was spread out the valley with the two little clusters of Norman cottages, Le Grand Andely and Le Petit Andely. There is a fine old church overlooking Grand Andely. They, the village folk, started it for the glory of God in ten hundred and something. Roland du Val, Sieur de Les Andelys (so an old inscription says), left forest lands and meadows to the Church when he went with his men to win glory for Richard, Duke of Normandy and King of England, in the Holy Land. And there a

[1] See article by Washington Gladden, The Outlook for January 26, 1907.

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Saracen blade let him out from his troubles, and he never came back to claim his fair lands, and so the nave was builded. There is also a wonderful old organ loft of the Renaissance, all covered over with fine carvings, where, after the manner of those days, when Greek lore was opened up to France, Pallas Athena and Minerva are depicted side by side with Faith, Hope, and Charity. The mediæval artist—he must have been a sort of Fra Lippo Lippi—has also carved other bodies of fair women which he has saved from scandal by labeling Theologium, Dialecticum, and so forth.

But the glory of Les Andelys is the Château Gaillard. Richard built it in 1190 to be a defiance to the upstart French King Philippe Auguste, who was laying claim to Normandy. "Gaillard" means "saucy fellow." So Richard named it to add point to his defiance. It is atop of a chalk hill that overshadows the Seine Valley for many a league. And the view from the ruined rim of the castellated donjon keep is the finest I know in all France—wide, rich fields of wheat and oats, like a patchwork of green and russet plush. And the slopes below the castle are dazzling with buttercups—buttons-of-gold, the French call them—and sprinkled and spattered with glorious poppies, red—"red like the sad sweet lips of sin." (I think that is a line of Swinburne, or perhaps an unconscious translation from some vagrant memory of Verlaine.) There is a suggestion of "the forbidden" in the rich redness of these poppies.

"There is that in red which stirreth a man,
And moveth his heart within,
And bringeth to speedy and perfect bud
The germs of original sin."

The fields of God are clothed, I think, with daffodils, but the way that leads down to hell is decked with these red poppies.

It is hard to realize that this serene, quiet landscape was torn by war. But the thought came to us this morning, as we loafed and invited our souls in the shade of the old castle, that perhaps the red of the poppies came from the blood of Richard's men, which soaked all the ground about during the bitter five months' siege of the castle. And the ghosts of all these brave folk in their coats of steel and their fair ladies in cloth of gold came up before us. The brave days of old! We decided, however, that our days are better; that the quiet and security of the village folk, their rich, unravaged fields, were better than the glory of the old days. And those "Dark Ages" seem brutal and cruel and well departed. The centuries have brought some progress. But as we wandered back towards hotel and dinner, we were arrested by a crude, ancient-looking iron cross, and, brushing the weeds aside, we deciphered the inscription: The cross was raised to the blessed memory of the French soldiers who had three times stormed the height in a vain effort to dislodge a battery placed there by the Prussian soldiers in 1870. Only thirty years ago! The Dark Ages are not so very remote. I wonder if there will be a Japanese war.

Cologne, August, 1907.

Here we are in Germany! "We" are Baldwin and myself. I stumbled on him at Heidelberg, and we came down the Rhine together. Baldwin is a type. That is why I asked him to travel with me. I've met it—I mean "the type"—two or three times before, and I wanted to study it: An American who feels himself provincial. At home he is a man of affairs who couldn't be bluffed under any circumstances, but he is bluffed by Europe. He had come over to one of these international congresses, where the American delegates are regarded as Indians who have left their tomahawks and war-paint at home, and he had stood up before a lot of savants—all the life crushed out of them by the weight of their international reputations—and had told them a lot of things they didn't know.

But Heidelberg Schloss dazed him. It is not the Europeans, but antiquity which awes him And because I have rambled about in Rome and Athens and am on somewhat familiar terms with ruins, he has a sort of deference for me in these matters which is in striking contrast with the masterly manner he has when things of our day are under discussion. Grape culture, for instance,

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has never figured in my curriculum, but he knows something about it. And after half an hour's clambering over the ruins of Oberlahnstein, where he was spiritually uncovered, we found ourselves in a vineyard; he stiffened up his back, put on his hat, and gave me an explanatory lecture on vine-growing. He had a very plausible theory, I remember, why wine grown in one vineyard is worth ten times as much as that from the next—an always incomprehensible phenomenon for me.

This taking off and on of his hat is what makes him a type. If the conversation was about the structure of the boat, the way of diking the river, or the height of a factory chimney—even the German colonial policy—his hat was on. But when a ruin or a church hove in sight, off it came. It was a matter of almost reverent wonder to him that I could tell whether a church was built before or after the Reformation.

Well, in due course of time, we landed at Cologne. And there befell the adventure to which all this has been preface.

Quite calmly and deliberately I will say now that the Cologne Cathedral is the most impressively beautiful Gothic structure I have ever seen. The interior especially is quite above comparison. Loving Notre Dame as I do, I can never go inside without a sinking of the heart—it does not fulfill the promise of the exterior. But Cologne—inside as well as out—surpasses anything I know in France.

It was Baldwin's first cathedral—it was new to me. So instead of going to our hotel—it was the dinner hour—we got out of the carriage to walk around the cathedral, and we forgot all about dinner in the charm of it. Baldwin recalled the famous simile of Ruskin's about Milan Cathedral—how it is a great wave of stone reaching up to God. And the simile seems to me more happy applied to Cologne Cathedral than where Ruskin placed it. The spray of its pinnacles and flying buttresses, although you know them stone, speaks only of the sea. As the delicate points reach up, up, ever higher, you get the quivering, pulsing effect of wind-whipped water. I think of the way the waves pile up at Le Havre when a storm has stirred them. They strike the sea wall and stretch up thirty, forty feet in a great white column of spray—and so is Cologne Cathedral.

If I have shown you Baldwin as he is, you can picture him now—hat off, open-mouthed. He had not a word to say—beyond pointing out now one, now another new delicacy. Then we went inside and stood, perhaps five minutes, spellbound by the Great Nave. The evening hour gave it the dim religious air a church interior needs. At last Baldwin found his voice, and this rather prosaic American broke into a rapture which was prose only in words.

"I'm a scientist," he said, "a rationalist. But I never knew what religion was before. How these men must have believed in God when they dreamed this thing into existence! There was something in this old faith which has passed out of our life. With all the advantages of steam and engineering skill, we couldn't build a thing like this to-day. There was a great light shining in those days which has long gone out. And yet we call them 'The Dark Ages.'

"Yes," he went on, "the men who built this cathedral believed that God was watching them. They thought of him personally, with great kind, loving eyes, leaning over the battlement of his high heaven, smiling down on their labor—almost within reach of their endeavors. I suppose the men who put the capstones on the towers felt themselves consciously nearer God than the unfortunate ones who only worked down here on earth."

I agreed with him that the day of cathedral-building had long passed, and told him something of how Notre Dame was built, how it rose with gifts from the high and low, the noble's purse, the widow's mite—how each guild had given its quota of time and money, how all the good people of Paris had striven together in a great collective effort to give Their Lady a suitable housing.

At last the vergers drove us out to close the building for the night. And, turning back often for a new glimpse of the twilight effect, we sought a restaurant. Then Baldwin was seized by a vile idea.

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He wanted to buy a guide-book which would give us a history of the Cathedral. Now, I have a fixed idea that history is not only foreign to æsthetics, but in direct conflict with it. Our æsthetic appreciation of a work of art should be absolutely independent of any knowledge of the times or circumstances which produced it. Take painting, for instance. My æsthetic pleasure in looking at pictures has been completely ruined because, in an evil day, I studied the History of Art. And the historic interest has completely killed the æsthetic. Leonardo, whom I used to detest, now interests me because of the great influence he had on Italian painting. I used to enjoy Corot because of the weird beauty of his trees, and I got a pure æsthetic pleasure out of his vague, mystic gray-greens. Now, when I see a Corot, I am so interested in knowing in what year he painted it, and what historic relation it bears to his other work, and whether or not it shows any influence of Diaz, that I forget to look at the trees and the delicate charm of his coloring. Not long ago I was shown an etching of Rembrandt's. And the first thing I asked was whether it was a first or second proof. As if that had any æsthetic interest! And now I remember that it was a first proof and the work of his "second period," but whether or not it was beautiful I can't recall.

And so I combated Baldwin's motion. But my arguments were gibberish to him and he had his way. After we had ordered our dinner he opened his book and began to read.

Oh! what a fall, my countrymen!

Cologne Cathedral was finished less than thirty years ago! They used a steam-crane to build the towers.

There was a little comfort in the fact that it was started way back in the Middle Ages, the chapel was completed and part of the north wall. But almost all the visible parts are hopelessly modern. It was not the work of devout humility. Rather, its motive was the pride of victory. After centuries of idleness, work was begun again after Waterloo. It stands a monument of the movement for German "Nationalism." It was completed after Sedan and the fall of Paris. They had better armies than the French, and they would also have a better church.

It was a vile hour—that dinner. Baldwin recalled all the things I had said about mediæval church-building.

"I'm a greenhorn in these matters," he said, "but you pretend to know something about churches."

I couldn't think of anything that was savage enough for a reply. I hated that cathedral with all the hopeless hatred one has for inanimate things. We were both rather spiritless as we walked home.

Suddenly, at a turning in the street, the cathedral rose before us in a new glory—the moonlight. White as snow, the cathedral towered up against the dark sky, all its intricate tracery outlined like a piece of delicate ice lace.

Then Baldwin showed that he was a thoroughbred. "I don't care if it is new," he said; "it is beautiful." Yes, I too shook myself loose from irrelevant historical facts, and, in spite of the steam-crane, found it beautiful.

Algiers, October, 1907.

Algiers is on a hillside above a great broad bay, and beyond rise the Atlas Mountains, which support high heaven. The sky is blue except where the afterglow of the sunset has left it a faint old rose—bluer than the bay. And the bay is bluer than anything I have seen before. To be sure, there are some ugly docks and a few prosaic steamers inside the mole. But who would look at the foreground when there is a horizon in sight?—and the horizon is perfect. There are little white fisher villages on the other side of the bay to relieve the all-pervading blue of sky and sea—the mountains even are blue—a rich gray-blue in the evening light.

I sailed from Marseilles Monday noon, and it was a diabolical passage—the tail end of the equinox. Only one man ate lunch on Tuesday; it was not I. I made one of a devoted band who ate dinner Monday night, not because we wanted it, but just to spite the company. Then I went to bed and stayed there until three the next afternoon. Then the boat took an extra lurch, and I caught a glimpse of the African mountains through the porthole. So, with land in sight, I

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plucked up courage to come above. I spurned the sandwiches which the steward offered me.

We made dock about six o'clock, and at seven I ate the biggest dinner that I could find. It might well have been Parisian, and I sighed to think how Africa had been Europeanized.

Afterwards I sat under an ilex tree in the Place de la République and digested for an hour, watching the procession: French officers in white duck jackets and beautifully red trousers; fine ladies—and unfine; Turcos in their gorgeous zouave uniforms; Sudanese, great, strapping big Ethiops, black as coal tar—you can't imagine how handsome a negro can be until you have seen these Sudanese; Arabs from the desert in brown sacking; Moors in white cotton Mother Hubbards.

After a while I went for a stroll in the native quarters. Along the water-front there are two fine French streets—the Boulevard de la République and the Rue de la Liberté. Then you cross another street and leave Europe behind. You are in the heart of the Orient! There aren't any self-respecting streets; just series of dizzy staircases. On the sides are little open shops, and there you see strange, dark-skinned men knitting stockings, threading beads, hammering out brass kettles, sewing weird red shoes. Nothing disturbs these people except European trousers. You can wear anything else and be unnoticed. "We've done a great deal to civilize the natives," an officer told me on the boat. But it hasn't gone below the waist. Some of the natives wear ordinary coats—even frock coats—gaudy vests, and loud ties; but below the belt they are heathen still. Some wear gunny-sacks, others what appears to be a feather bed. But if you wear European trousers people stare at you and try to sell you things that you don't want.

Every once in a while I would have to crowd up against the wall to let a bunch of ladies go by. They would glance at me through the slit in their veils—and a very provoking glance it would be—and then giggle in a quaint Eastern way and trip on down the stairs. I never had such a fiendish desire to follow strange ladies before. The half-instant glance into their bright brown eyes makes them seem twice as interesting as they possibly can be. "An ounce of mystery," the French say, "is worth a pound of charm." And the French know about such things. Take these latticed windows, for example. You hear a ripple of soft, guttural laughter, and you look up and see some heavy blinds. You know there is a woman back of it, and you wait half an hour in a wild hope that it may open and a rose be thrown you. It is the mystery which is fascinating. I couldn't imagine myself standing so foolishly in front of a plate-glass window. And it is the same with these veils. At home you meet a lady at dinner in an evening gown, and you know all about her—what her complexion is, whether she is fat or thin; after two words you know whether she likes poetry or prefers to discuss socialism. I think Christian women are stupid not to wear veils.

As I was clambering up one of the steep stairways I heard quite a commotion, and hurried on to see what was afoot. It was a café barber shop. I never knew a Mussulman trying to save time in any other way. But it seems a universal custom to economize the minutes by having your coffee and shave simultaneously. It strikes me as a most vulgar custom. Well, the commotion in this combination coffee and barber shop was a great red tin-horned Edison phonograph, grinding out Arabic coon songs, to the great glee of the customers! Edison is irrepressible! I suppose that back of these enticing latticed windows there are American sewing-machines. Like as not the bewitching veils are made in Fall River!

To-morrow morning I start at 6:30 on a little two-penny railway for Orleansville, then by *diligence* to Ténès. There I am to find a horse—an ass—for me and my luggage. A letter from mine host promises the ass. Doesn't it sound romantic or Oriental or something, to have an ass for your baggage? Somehow it is connected in my mind with some feast of the Church—I guess Palm Sunday. If it turns out to be an ordinary Missouri mule, I shall be woefully disappointed.

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THE MAKING OF MODERN EGYPT[1]

IT is scarcely more than a quarter of a century since an English fleet bombarded Alexandria and English troops won the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. In the twenty-six years that have elapsed, England's grasp of Egypt has not once relaxed. Without actually possessing herself of the land of the Pharaohs, she has absolutely dominated its fortunes and has ruled it as she deemed best. And, in ruling it, she has largely trusted to the energy, wisdom, and foresight of one man, Lord Cromer, under whose watchful guidance, as all the world knows, a marvelous transformation has been effected in a country which, before the coming of the English, was notorious for misgovernment, poverty, and utter wretchedness. Now, having relinquished the helm of state and passed into a well-earned retirement, Lord Cromer has fittingly crowned his labors by rendering an account of his stewardship in a work which will take lasting rank, not as an inspired Blue Book, but as a narrative of intense human interest, real literary power, and profound ethical value.

Its chief merit is that it reveals, in language that brings conviction as well as enlightenment, the ultimate significance of what has taken place in Egypt since the beginning of the English régime. There are books which treat at greater length one or other of the far-reaching reforms instituted under Lord Cromer's prudent direction. There are also books in which far more emphasis is laid on the distinctively dramatic aspects of the period. But there is no book which affords such a thorough, complete, and well-rounded view of all phases in the making of modern Egypt. Lord Cromer is, of course, careful to enumerate, and to some extent enlarge on, the specific measures whereby Egypt is being regenerated. And he deals in no colorless way with the stirring events which marked the first establishment of order in Egypt and the rescue of the Sudan from the destroying hand of Mahdism. But he is mainly concerned in making plain the principles animating England in her Egyptian policy, the lines along which and the machinery by which she has moved, the difficulties that have had to be overcome, and the sum total of the results actually achieved.

This involves not merely a historical review, and a statement of facts which any casual visitor to Egypt may see for himself, but also a painstaking analysis of conflicting ideas and ideals, and a philosophic interpretation of forces which, however intangible, are none the less real and powerful in affecting the course of events. For when England, with the consent of Europe, or at all events without the protest of Europe, undertook the task of governing Egypt, she found herself face to face with alien peoples jealous of interference, with a social system which, failure though it had proved, was still propped up by custom, tradition, and religion. Thence arose many complicated problems, the terms of which are fully stated by Lord Cromer in lucid, masterly prose.

To begin with, England was an interloper in Egypt in a twofold sense, since Egypt was not an independent country, but an appanage of Turkey. As Lord Cromer puts it, "One alien race, the English, have had to control and guide a second alien race, the Turks, by whom they are disliked, in the government of a third race, the Egyptians." And, to make matters more difficult, the population of Egypt is the reverse of homogeneous. Lord Cromer brings this out most vividly in a single powerful paragraph of his chapter on "The Dwellers in Egypt." He is describing a street scene in Cairo:

> The first passer-by is manifestly an Egyptian fellah who has come into the city to sell his garden produce. The headgear, dress, and aquiline nose of the second render it easy to recognize a Bedouin who is perhaps come to Cairo to buy ammunition for his flintlock gun, but who is ill at ease amidst urban surroundings, and will hasten to return to the more congenial air of the desert. The small, thick-lipped man with dreamy eyes, who has a far-away look of one of the bas-reliefs on an ancient Egyptian tomb, but

[1] Modern Egypt. By the Earl of Cromer. The Macmillan Company, New York. Two vols. $6, net, per set.

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who Champollion and other savants tell us is not the lineal descendant of the ancient Egyptians, is presumably a Coptic clerk in some government office. The face which peers somewhat loweringly over a heavy mustache from the window of a passing brougham is probably that of some Turco-Egyptian Pasha. The man with a bold, handsome, cruel face, who swaggers by in long boots and baggy trousers, must surely be a Circassian. The Syrian money-lender who comes next will get out of his way, albeit he may be about to sell up the Circassian's property the next day to recover a loan of which the capital and interest, at any ordinary rate, have been already paid twenty times over. The green turban, dignified mien, and slow gait of the seventh passer-by denote some pious Sheikh, perhaps on his way to the famous University of El-Azhar. The eighth must be a Jew, who has just returned from a tour in Asia Minor with a stock of embroideries, which he is about to sell to the winter tourists. The ninth would seem to be some Levantine nondescript, whose ethnological status defies diagnosis; and the tenth, though not easily distinguishable from the latter class, is in reality one of the petty traders of whom Greece is so prolific, and who are to be found dotted all over the Ottoman dominions. Nor is the list yet exhausted. Armenians, Tunisians, Algerians, Soudanese, Maltese, half-breeds of every description, and pure-blooded Europeans pass by in procession, and all go to swell the mass, if not of Egyptians, at all events of dwellers in Egypt.

Now, despite their mutual oppositions and dislikes, and despite the misgovernment which had brought them to the brink of ruin, most of these strangely assorted peoples viewed the prospect of English rule with no great favor. They were thankful that England had intervened to put an end to the anarchy of the Arabi revolt, but, as Orientals, and still more as Mohammedans, they had a lively fear of the domination of a Western and Christian power. And, aside altogether from the antipathy born of racial and religious prejudices, they could not believe that England meant to deal fairly by them. Acquainted only with despotism and spoliation, they instinctively felt that they would still be subjected to a process of spoliation. They instinctively felt, too, that English rule would mean a complete sweeping away of every institution to which they attached importance. Temperamentally averse from change, they stood aghast at the mere thought of the radical innovations which they feared were certain to be forced upon them, not to their gain, but to their undoing. Thus, at the outset of their labors, the English administrators of Egypt were confronted by a barrier of hostility and suspicion, to overcome which would be not the least of the problems before them.

Fortunately, England gave her agents practically a free hand in dealing with the Egyptians. And she found in most of them, and most of all in Lord Cromer—though this would scarcely appear from the modesty with which he tells his story—able instruments to determine not only what was best for the people of Egypt, but how their confidence might best be won. The government instituted by Lord Cromer was that of a strict but benevolent paternalism. To no small extent it was a government of personal rule—that is to say, it was not unlike the kind of government to which the Egyptians were accustomed, with the important difference that justice and sympathy took the place of oppression and brutality. And in this system of intimate contact between the rulers and ruled, as in the larger labors of planning and promoting ameliorative measures, Lord Cromer himself played a leading rôle.

> If a slave girl wanted to marry, I had to bring moral pressure on her master or mistress to give their consent. If a Jewish sect wished for official recognition from the Egyptian Government, I was expected to obtain it, and to explain to an Egyptian Minister all I knew of the difference between Ashkenazian and Sephardic practices. If the inhabitants of some remote village in Upper Egypt were discontented with their Sheikh, they appealed to me. I have had to write telegrams and despatches about the most miscellaneous subjects—about the dismissal of the Khedive's English coachman, about preserving the lives of Irish informers from the Clan-na-Gael, and about the tenets of the Abyssinian Church in respect to the Procession of the Holy Ghost. . . . I have been asked by an Egyptian fellah to find out the whereabouts of his wife who had eloped.

Side by side with constant patient endeavor to inspire trust and good will in the hearts of the subject peoples, the work of concrete reform went on unceasingly. It is impossible here to attempt even an outline sketch of all that has been accomplished by Lord Cromer and

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his associates, but we would at least quote Lord Cromer's own summarization of the progress achieved in, be it remembered, a scant twenty-six years:

No one can fully realize the extent of the change which has come over Egypt since the British occupation took place unless he is in some degree familiar with the system under which the country was governed in the days of Ismail Pasha. The contrast between now and then is, indeed, remarkable. A new spirit has been instilled into the population of Egypt. Even the peasant has learnt to scan his rights. Even the Pasha has learnt that others besides himself have rights which must be respected. The courbash may hang on the walls of the Moudirieh, but the Moudir no longer dares to employ it on the backs of the fellaheen. For all practical purposes, it may be said that the hateful corvee system has disappeared. Slavery has virtually ceased to exist. The halcyon days of the adventurer and the usurer are past. Fiscal burthens have been greatly relieved. Everywhere law reigns supreme. Justice is no longer bought and sold. Nature, instead of being spurned and neglected, has been wooed to bestow her gifts on mankind. She has responded to the appeal. The waters of the Nile are now utilized in an intelligent manner. Means of locomotion have been improved and extended. The soldier has acquired some pride in the uniform which he wears. He has fought as he never fought before. The sick man can be nursed in a well-managed hospital. The lunatic is no longer treated like a wild beast. The punishment awarded to the worst criminal is no longer barbarous. Lastly, the schoolmaster is abroad, with results which are as yet uncertain, but which cannot fail to be important.

Here, in truth, is a record of noble achievement, and a record which affords a convincing vindication of the claim that England has administered the affairs of Egypt in the interest of the Egyptian people. Still more important, it is an impressive object-lesson in the tremendous power of Christianity as a socially regenerative force. England did not, it is true, go into Egypt to Christianize it. But she did go in to give practical effect to the teachings of Christianity, to inculcate the Christian code of morality as the basis for the relations between man and man. In the teeth of colossal difficulties she is succeeding in her self-imposed mission. There is yet, however, much for her to do. As Lord Cromer regretfully admits, while the Egyptians, at least to some extent, appreciate the blessings that have been bestowed on them, and while they have lost not a little of their early distrust and suspicion, they have by no means acquired the qualities fitting them for self-government. Thanks to Christian England, they have progressed as was never the case under Moslem rule. But they are still a backward and dependent people, and must remain in a state of tutelage until they possess themselves of the spirit as well as the forms of Christian civilization.

Such is Lord Cromer's belief, and it is of interest to note also his conviction that the Egyptians can never hope to possess the spirit of civilization until they learn to take a new and loftier view of womanhood. "It may be asked," writes Lord Cromer, "whether any one can conceive the existence of true European civilization on the assumption that the position which women occupy in Europe is abstracted from the general plan? As well can a man blind from his birth be made to conceive the existence of color. Change the position of women, and one of the main pillars, not only of European civilization, but at all events of the moral code based on the Christian religion, if not of Christianity itself, falls to the ground. The position of women in Egypt, and in Mohammedan countries generally, is, therefore, a fatal obstacle to the attainment of that elevation of thought and character which should accompany the introduction of European civilization if that civilization is to produce its full measure of beneficial effect." It is, then, a hopeful sign to find that among all classes of Egyptians real interest is now taken in the education of women. "The younger generation are beginning to demand that their wives should possess some qualifications other than those which can be secured in the seclusion of the harem." There are other hopeful signs which Lord Cromer is careful to bring into relief. Yet he is equally careful to insist with unmistakable emphasis that there is abundant room for improvement in every direction, and that "if the moral influences to which the Egyptians are now exposed were withdrawn, or even weakened, a relapse would inevitably occur."

Altogether, this is a most inspiring

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book. It tells a story of practical and humane statesmanship which should be read and re-read by all who have aught to do with the government of dependent races. To the student of history, too, it is invaluable, since it gives an authoritative and most detailed account of every phase in the thorny "Egyptian Question" from its inception in the sad years of Ismail Pasha to its settlement by the Anglo-French agreement of 1904. In the historical portion proper there are, to be sure, passages unlikely to command universal approval—notably Lord Cromer's criticisms of the Egyptian policy of the Gladstone Ministry at the time of the Mahdi crisis, and of "Chinese" Gordon's conduct in the Sudan. But even those most strongly inclined to dissent from his findings on these and similar debatable points will welcome his work as an illuminating contribution to the literature of world progress and advancing civilization.

Comment on Current Books

Studies in Judaism

These essays[1] by one of the most learned of Hebrew scholars, the President of the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York, deserve the attention of intelligent Christians. He is indisposed to side with either the traditionalists or the radical critics in their conclusions about the Old Testament books. On the questions at issue between them he is "convinced that at present there is little positive truth to state." Very likely, but toward what conclusions present evidence preponderates he does not say. However, he tells the Jewish clergy that they are shamefully behind their Christian brethren in study of the Hebrew Bible, and that "the very existence of Judaism" depends on "a revival of Hebrew learning." Dr. Schechter's important discovery, in a "hoard of Hebrew manuscripts" in Egypt, of a fragment of the long-lost Hebrew original of Ecclesiasticus gives ground for serious doubt whether any of the Psalms belong to so late a date as the Maccabean War (166 B.C.). To the author of that noteworthy book in the Apocrypha, Jesus the Son of Sirach, and his account of Jewish life in the third century B.C., an entertaining essay is devoted. "A gentleman of the old school" was he. The memoirs of a noble and pious "mother in Israel" in the seventeenth century, drawn from her unique diary, form the subject of another essay. On the study of the Talmud Dr. Schechter grounds suggestive hints for readers of the New Testament. His essay on "Saints and Saintliness" opens a chapter of Jewish life too little known outside of Jewry, and inside also, as the author intimates. In his pages the devout Christian will recognize under a difference of form a spirit like his own: "Consciousness of sin and assurance of grace are the two great motive powers in the working of religion" in each.

[1] Studies in Judaism. (Second Series.) By S. Schechter, M.A. Publication Society of America, Philadelphia.

William Law, Mystic

There are mystics and mystics, some practical, some unpractical. William Law, who died in 1761, who profoundly impressed men as different as Gibbon and Wesley, was not unpractical. What he stood for in his day we, says Professor Du Bose in his Introduction to this volume,[1] need in our day, and adds: it "can hardly be repeated in better terms than those used by him two centuries ago." St. Paul was a mystic of the first rank, and mysticism of his practical sort needs cultivation now to redeem religion from formalism that it may redeem the world from materialism. Mysticism is the recognition of the Eternal in the temporal, of the Infinite in the finite, of God in his world, with the valuation and use of things and opportunities accordingly. Every man is thus either a mystic or a materialist, and the fate of modern civilization depends on the preponderance of one or the other type of man. Hence the importance of William Law's message to our time as well as his.

Common Sense in Religion

If common sense is characterized by effort for fidelity to fact, the title of this little book[2] is a strange misnomer. Its author's conception of religion as a humble, dutiful, and trustful recognition of the Fatherhood of God is its one redeeming quality. His recoil from ideas of Christian doctrine which he has encountered apparently in the Church of England, or the fossilized part of it, is quite justifiable. But he is inexcusable for forgetting that "behind the

[1] Liberal and Mystical Writings of William Law. By William Scott Palmer. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1, net.

[2] Common-Sense in Religion. By Martin R. Smith. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1.

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mountains there are men." He should have inquired further before taxing "the Church" for obsolete and obsolescent dogmas. The inability of his "common sense" to get at reality appears in his astonishing remark on "the immense importance which Jesus attached to a mere perfunctory belief in himself as the Christ."

Thomas Chatterton the Marvelous Boy

Mr. Russell's book[1] is the most considerable and well worked out life of Chatterton which has appeared; for while much has been said about his interesting career and his strange personality, very little has been accurately known. A critic has said that, as a mystery, Chatterton ranks with, if not above, Shakespeare. At the age of ten, with nothing in his surroundings, opportunities, or inheritance to account for the fact, he was writing poetry of extraordinary beauty and promise, and not many years after he was publishing verse which he declared had been written in the fifteenth century, and which many of the foremost English scholars accepted as the work of some scholarly ecclesiastic of that period. There was an old muniment-chest in the tower of the beautiful St. Mary Redcliffe in Bristol, a church which many critics held to be the most beautiful parish church in the country, and to this chest Chatterton had access. He had had some training in a charity school, had been an assistant in an attorney's office, and had acquired some skill in drawing papers for small clients. This boy, with very limited education, declared that he had discovered in the old chest what have since been known as The Rowley MSS., a group of poems dating from the fifteenth century. They were accepted by many scholars, largely because of the ignorance, not of Latin, but of English, which prevailed at that time. Aside entirely, however, from their elaborate imitations of earlier mediæval structure, they had, and have, very considerable merits as poems. Mr. Russell holds a brief for Chatterton, and insists that the moral condemnation for the so-called forgery has been altogether too severe, and that Chatterton did with the Rowley Poems only what other authors have done in presenting their own verses as the work of others, and instances Stevenson and Scott. He might have added Kipling, who has the habit of introducing brief snatches of verse very effectively into his stories and crediting them to other hands. This, however, it must be confessed, is a very different matter from palming off considerable groups of poems as the work of a man or men of another century. Moreover, neither Scott, Stevenson, nor Kipling had the slightest intention to deceive. No one can read Mr. Russell's defense and explanation of Chatterton without an immense sympathy for the gifted and unfortunate boy, and without the feeling that, whatever may be said of the act, nobody is in a position to pass judgment on his moral responsibility.

[1] Thomas Chatterton, the Marvelous Boy. By Charles Edward Russell. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. $2.50, net.

Some Books about Gardens

There are two kinds of garden books, the artistic or literary, and the practical. A sumptuous example[1] of the first class contains fifty-six large reproductions in full color of paintings showing grouping and color effects in gardens throughout the United Kingdom. The paintings are effective and the subjects selected offer many suggestions to the owner of a garden or grounds for the arrangement of masses of bloom and foliage. The text which accompanies the pictures contains other information and hints, but after all the meat of the book is in the illustration, and the meat is delicious. A volume[2] of the second class deals with window gardens. It contains in small compass information on containers (pots, boxes, baskets, etc.), potting, soils, watering, fertilizers, light, heat, and ventilation, and kindred subjects. The instructions are succinct and clear, and the illustrations which accompany them show practically many of the operations which the home gardener has to perform, and some of the conditions which he will meet in his work. A third volume[3] combines in some degree the characteristics of both classes. It presents instruction and suggestion for youthful gardeners in the form of a story. A young girl and her brother utilize a little piece of ground for planting a garden, and the story relates their experiences through the year. Their neighbors, who have more experience in garden work, help them out with advice and with more substantial assistance in the shape of seeds, bulbs, and so forth. The book is readable and helpful.

The Schoolmaster

An American edition[4] of Mr. Benson's "The Schoolmaster" has an introduction in which he gracefully acknowledges the generous welcome his books have received in this country, and explains the circumstances under which this book was written. He was seven years an Eton boy, was three years at King's College in Cambridge, went back to Eton as a master and remained there nearly twenty years,

[1] Flower Grouping in English, Scotch, and Irish Gardens. By Margaret Waterfield. With Contributions by Others. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $6, net.
[2] Window Gardening. By Herman B. Dorner. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $1.
[3] The Garden Book for Young People. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.50.
[4] The Schoolmaster. By Arthur Christopher Benson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.25.

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and had, therefore, both as pupil and teacher, the most ample opportunities of studying school life at first hand. The short chapters which make up "The Schoolmaster" do not profess to be a scientific treatise on education; they aim, as the author tells us, "at considering the life of the schoolmaster from within."

Which College for the Boy?

Mr. Corbin's book [1] is of far greater importance than its title may possibly indicate. It is not, in other words, a directory for parents looking about for colleges to which to send their sons, but a careful study, written in a frank and very interesting style, of half a dozen representative American institutions of the higher learning and of different types; among them Harvard, a Germanized University; Princeton, a Collegiate University; Cornell, a Technical University; Michigan, a Middle-Eastern University; Chicago, a University of Enchantment; Wisconsin, a Utilitarian University. These chapters are fresh and vigorous monographs on the spirit, organization, characteristics, and genius of these various American institutions. They cut, sometimes, to the bone, and yet there is no captious criticism running through the book. The study of Harvard is much the most acute and penetrating which has yet appeared; and whether one agrees or not with Mr. Corbin's attitude toward the elective system and the later development of Harvard, he cannot fail to appreciate the skill and ability, the closeness and the intelligence, of the analysis of the change which has taken place in that institution. The book is specially to be commended because it comes from the hands of a man who knows college life at first hand both in this country and at Oxford. It gives adequate place to undergraduate social life, one of the most penetrating and permanent educational influences to which college men are exposed.

Edgar Allan Poe

A volume on Poe [2] has been added to the Beacon Biographies, which Mr. De Wolfe Howe is editing with a good deal of judgment. Several of these little books have been not only significant but adequate. Mr. Macy has tried to be direct, frank, and unconventional, and has succeeded in giving a fairly full and continuous account of Poe's career, suppressing nothing which is of importance on the side of biography, and treating his work with sufficient appreciation, but with sane criticism as well. This brief Life is not in any sense a finality; its style is too journalistic; but it is an interesting account of a perplexing career.

[1] Which College for the Boy? By John Corbin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.50, net.

[2] Edgar Allan Poe. By John Macy. (The Beacon Biographies of Eminent Americans.) Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 75c, net.

Modernism "Refuted"

This "refutation" [1] of the "Modernism" laid under ban by the present Pope is presumably intended only to confirm loyal Catholics in their allegiance. It certainly limits itself to considerations that may be thought to weigh mainly with them. None the less interesting is it to thoughtful Protestants. In reply to the plea of Father Tyrrell, an excommunicated Modernist, that theology, as "an ever perfectible expression of religious experience," must grow with the advance of knowledge, he argues that growth means change, that changeableness suggests doubt of truthfulness, and that this leads to "absolute skepticism." With such reasoning there is small encouragement to contend. It is here asserted that "dogma is immutable;" that "the Church is infallible as regards the opportune moment for defining a new dogma;" that "the public is not competent to judge about dogmas . . . because God did not promise his assistance to the laity, but to the magisterial authority of the Church . . . the faithful have not been entrusted with the power of teaching or judging in matters of revealed truth." The religious philosophy of the Vatican, as represented here, is not theistic but deistic, conceiving of God and nature, God and man, as extraneous to each other, just as the man in the street still thinks. Its science is, on one hand, an obsolete psychology, separating the powers of mind into tight compartments, and holding that divine inspiration addresses itself to the intellect, not to the feelings. On the other hand, it regards the evolutionary hypothesis as so decrepit that "now it recruits its enthusiasts only from the uneducated classes." Not the secular sciences, but theology, possesses "the greater stability." The learned world is utterly wrong in regarding the Pentateuch and the first three Gospels as composite products of literary evolution. A daring defiance, this, to the modern spirit. A very tight educational segregation of young Catholics will be needful to prevent large leakage into Modernism.

Astronomy with the Naked Eye

Mr. Serviss's manual [2] for the study of the heavens ought to be of special service during the coming months. Mr. Serviss furnishes a set of star-charts containing the figures of the constellations and of the stars which have received distinctive names, with such other stars, less famous, as

[1] The Doctrine of Modernism and Its Refutation. By J. Godrycz, D.D., Ph.D. John Joseph McVey, Philadelphia.

[2] Astronomy with the Naked Eye. By Garrett P. Serviss. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.40, net.

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the naked eye sees in the heavens. He also shows the procession of the constellations across the sky and the order of their appearing. The planets are described with sufficient fullness, both of text and illustration, to enable the reader untrained in astronomy to follow their paths.

Ancient Jerusalem

Dr. Merrill's noble work[1] has a value that can hardly be overestimated. Half of the veteran explorer's life has been devoted to study of the ancient topography of Jerusalem, the results of which appear in this volume on the completion of his seventieth year. The rapid covering of the city's area with modern structures makes it improbable that further excavation can add much to the solution of archæological problems. During Dr. Merrill's long residence there—he was for sixteen years United States Consul—he studied these problems inductively in close relations with excavators and civil engineers. In the results here presented we have what was to be expected—the conclusions of science displacing the crude guesses and the pious opinions of the sciolism diffused by books of travel. Other writers have started, some from the earliest historical mention of the city, some from the time of Nehemiah as "a sort of pre-Christian Baedeker." Each of these lines Dr. Merrill repeatedly tried, but found no thoroughfare to satisfactory results. He therefore took the siege by Titus, A.D. 70, for his starting-point, working backward inductively as far as he could reasonably go. The military operations of a skillful general like Titus being conditioned by the nature of the ground, and these operations being recorded by Josephus, a key to the topography at that time is in hand, and a base-line is established for further conclusions from the history of the Maccabean War in the second century B.C. The "Acra," or citadel, of this period, on a hill in the lower city, leveled B.C. 140 by three years' labor, is identified by Dr. Merrill with the fortress variously called "Zion," "Millo," the "City of David," in the earlier history. The thirty pages given to "Gihon" and the water supply from the time of Solomon, with the accompanying plans and photographs, constitute a fine topographical commentary upon the Biblical notices—but so does the entire volume. In Nehemiah's account, critically treated, Dr. Merrill finds invaluable hints, but not the clear guide-book that it has seemed to others. He declines the attempt to locate Calvary. The edifice erected by Constantine, A.D. 330, on the alleged site of the Holy Sepulcher, he regards as intended for a market-house—not for a "prayer-house," as Eusebius calls it. "After the wild ruin of A.D. 70" and subsequent catastrophes Joseph's tomb could not possibly have been discoverable. With this volume in hand, one is certain, at least, of having a careful and patient investigator for his guide, and an authority whom no one in our day is likely to outrank.

[1] Ancient Jerusalem. By Selah Merrill. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $6, net.

The Atoning Life

The author of those clarifying and stimulating books, "The Ethics of Revelation" and "Genesis of the Social Conscience," now lays thoughtful minds under a fresh debt. Here is a small book[1] but a great one, in which deep and patient study issues in such terse expression that one should willingly give it two or three readings to absorb its fullness. It sets forth an old subject under a new name and in a new way. Avoiding the word "atonement" to avoid traditional misconceptions, it exhibits the reality as "the atoning life," which, says Dr. Nash, "is our last word about ourselves, our last, our deepest word about God." "The atoning life lies at the root of good society," at the foundations of human fellowship. "The atonement is not a process peculiar to God . . . it springs from the very nature and constitution of the creative life in all its forms . . . in some sense it is a universal human process . . . it is the process and action of the living will, which through forgiveness publishes the moral law in the heart of the offender." Only through forgiveness "can the innocent and holy will assert its right to go on living within the sinful and offending will," for "the essence of the Law is relationship and fellowship." Forgiveness, says Dr. Nash, "is the self-defense of the Law against attack. It puts forth new and creative powers. It heals its own wounds." Through forgiveness "the guilty one becomes his own judge and dooms himself." The line of thought conducting to these final statements enchains interest and attention, while it conceals its goal. Epigrammatic sentences condense pages, *e. g.*: "Mystery is the outer aspect of meaning;" "Fellowship is the test of religion;" "Personality in one form or another is the source and spring of all our sacraments." When the germinal thought of this book was proposed to the Church of Scotland two generations ago, the preacher was deposed. The Church of to-day is hospitable to it because of the ethicizing of theology which has gone on since then.

[1] The Atoning Life. By Henry Sylvester Nash. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1, net.

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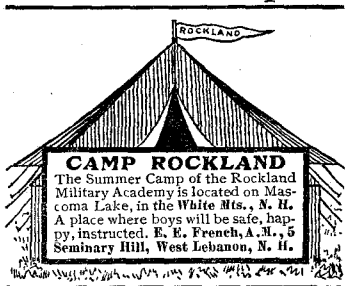

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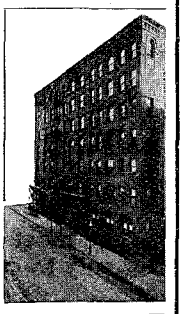

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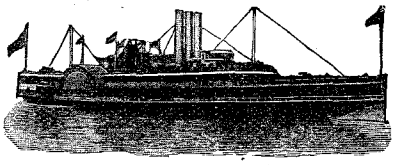

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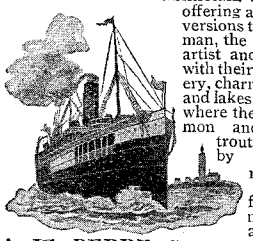

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